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TWENTY LESSONS

IN

READING.

By S. B. TODD, A. M.

TWENTY LESSONS IN READING,

WITH

FIFTY CLASSIFIED SELECTIONS,

FOR USE IN

KANSAS NORMAL INSTITUTES,

HIGH SCHOOLS, NORMAL SCHOOLS, AND PRIVATE STUDY.

BY S. B. TODD, A. M.

"Every teacher should be a good reader. Not more than one in every hundred among teachers can now be called a good reader."—PAGE.

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PREFACE.

That reading is poorly taught we must admit; but that it can and should be better taught we all agree.

One of the chief difficulties met by the institute instructors is, that there has been no available text book, brief, practical, concise, at the same time comprehensive enough to stimulate the student, and in price within the reach of all.

There has been an honest endeavor to supply that want in this little work.

While definitions and principles have by no means been neglected, a prominent place has been given to drill and examples for practice; since, in reading, knowledge without practice is dead.

The illustrative examples and selections for practice have been chosen with care from among those used with most success by the author in normal work, in the school room, and with private classes.

No claim is made to originality, the matter having been selected from the great mass of common stock.

It is believed that the teacher who carefully follows the directions given herein, and carries them out in his school room, will himself improve and will greatly benefit his students.

A very important matter is, for the teacher to grow; and these exercises and drills will be just as valuable to him as to the pupil.

Fellow teacher, shall we not see to it that, as applied to Kansas teachers, the quotation on the title page is untrue? Shall we not strive to have reading occupy its true place as the most important study in the curriculum of any school? For you this booklet was compiled; to you it is dedicated; if it helps you just a little, if it gives you a few new ideas, and inspires you to a little greater effort in this neglected work, its mission will have been accomplished.

S. B. TODD.

Sterling, Kansas, June 24, 1890.

PART I.

LESSON I.

READING is conveying to our own minds or the minds of others thought or feeling as seen expressed in written language.

Oral reading is simply talking what is written.

Silent reading is a perusal of what is written.

The *requisites* of a good reader are:

1. Proper habits of breathing.
2. Correct articulation.
3. A good voice, flexible and under perfect control.
4. Quick perception of eye and ear.
5. Flexible muscles, especially of the face.
6. A vivid imagination.
7. Good health, a well developed body, and common sense.

A few of these are gifts, but most of them may be acquired by any one. To help the student in attaining them is the object of these pages.

The following table of calisthenic and gesture exercises should be learned and practiced daily. These exercises will strengthen and develop the body, render the muscles flexible and graceful, strengthen the vocal organs, and improve the health.

This table contains a few calisthenic exercises, but from these the number can be increased almost at will by the ingenious teacher or student.

Indian clubs furnish, perhaps, the best exercise for developing the chest and improving the form, but the movements cannot be learned without a teacher. Two-pound clubs are heavy enough for a beginner.

A good practice for one whose shoulders are forward is to clasp the hands behind and then touch the elbows, keeping the hands tightly clasped.

Another good practice is to put the hands together in front, palms facing, arms outstretched, hands at height of shoulder, then carry them around and strike the backs together behind the back.

The calisthenic exercises given in the institute course of study are excellent.

VOCAL EXERCISES.

The best vocal sounds for practice are, ā, ạ, ä, ă, ē, ĕ, ī, ĭ, ō, ọ, ŏ, ū, ŭ, u̇, u̇̇, oi, ou.

In giving these sounds, fix the eyes upon some object at a distance and throw the voice, as it were, toward this object. Give the sounds in all the different degrees of pitch and force; also the different slides from a semitone to an octave on each sound. Give them in the different rates, with long, short, etc., quantity and pause. Alternate; giving the sounds of the first letter very high, of the next letter very low, and so forth, using all the letters. Use the same plan with force, rate, slides, etc. Use only the pure qualities of voice in these exercises.

		One	and	two	and	three	and	four	and	five	and	six	and	seven	and	change	and
1. Position: Body erect, closed hands on chest, vigorous stroke, elbows at side.	r. h.	down	return	down	return					down	return	down	return	down	return	down	position
	l. h.					down	return	down	return		down	return		down	return	down	position
2. Closed hands on chest, elbows out and as high as shoulder.	r. h.	out	return	out	return					out	return	out	return	out	return	out	position
	l. h.					out	return	out	return		out	retnrn		out	return	out	position
3. Hands on shoulders, elbows straight out at side, same height as shoulders.	r. h.	up	return	up	return					up	return	up	return	up	return	up	position
	l. h.					up	return	up	return		up	return		up	return	up	position
4. Hands on chest, thrust, as in striking.	r. h.	thrust	return	thrust	return					thrust	return	thrust	return	thrust	return	thrust	position
	l. h.					thrust	return	thrust	return		thrust	return		thrust	return	thrust	position
5. Both hands together, repetition of the preceding.	b. h.	down	return	down	return	out	return	out	return	up	return	up	return	thrust	return	thrust	return
6, 7. Gesture exercise: Hand starts from in front of body, palm up, unfolds gracefully, oblique.	r. h.	very low	return	low	return	high	return	very high	return	very high	return	high	return	low	return	very low	return
	l. h.	very low	return	low	return	high	return	very high	return	very high	return	high	return	low	return	very low	return
8. Chopping exercise: As in chopping from right to left, down.	b. h.	down	return	down	return	down	return	down	return	down	return	down	return	down	return	down	position
9. From left to right, down.	b. h.	down	return	down	return	down	return	down	return	down	return	down	return	down	return	down	position
10. Mowing exercise: From right to left.	b. h.	right	return	right	return	right	return	right	return	right	return	right	return	right	return	right	position
11. Bending body forward: First, head, then bend at each joint of backbone.		Bend body forward while counting till here.								Straighten up while counting till here.							
12. Bend body to right.		Bend body to right while counting till here.								Straighten up while counting till here.							
13. Bend body to left, let the head draw the body.		Bend body to left while counting till here.								Straighten up while counting till here.							
14. Bend body back.		Bend body back while counting till here.								Straighten up while counting till here.							
15. Head exercise: Let head drop forward, as if asleep.		First turn to left.								Then turn, as if on a pivot, around to right, while counting till here.							

LESSON II.

BREATHING EXERCISES.

Breathing exercises increase the lung capacity; develop the muscles of the abdomen and diaphragm, thus giving strength and volume to the voice; improve the health; teach us to economize the breath, to use the correct form of breath, and to take breath at the proper places in reading.

Stand erect; heels together; feet at an angle of forty-five degrees; hands on sides, fingers touching behind.

1. Inhale slowly and silently through the nostrils while the instructor counts ten; exhale through nostrils for same length of time. Repeat.

2. Inhale while instructor counts ten; exhale on aspirate *h;* then on *hä;* then on *hē;* then on *haw.*

3. Inhale; exhale on *h*, *hä*, *hē*, *haw*, all with one breath, pausing after each syllable.

4. Inhale; exhale on *o* prolonged ten seconds; twenty seconds; thirty seconds. Practice will enable you to prolong the sound to fifty seconds.

5. Inhale; exhale, giving the aspirate *h* three times like a whispered cough.

6. Inhale; exhale with mouth wide open, with organs of throat somewhat contracted, making a clear, whispered sound in the throat, resembling the sound made when lifting, only prolonged to as great a length as possible.

7. Inhale; exhale on the sound of *l*, of *m*, of *r;* on the hissing sound of *s*, holding tongue close to roof of mouth.

8. Inhale; exhale, counting as many as possible without taking breath, counting one per second.

9. Inhale; repeat in a whisper as much of a poem as you can with one breath.

10. Inhale; exhale on *ha*, *ha*, *ha*, etc.

11. Laughing exercise. Same as last, only laugh *ha*, *ha*, *ha*, etc., till the breath is exhausted.

12. Catch breath exercise. Inhale; count *one*, *two*, *three* (take short breath quickly), *four*, *five*, *six* (take breath), etc.

13. Inhale; exhale on *äh*, letting breath flow out as smoothly and gently as possible. This is the effusive form of breath.

14. Inhale; exale on *hä*, with a rush of breath, forcibly and vigorously. This is the expulsive form of breath.

15. Inhale; exhale on *haw*, with an explosive sound, giving the stroke of the glottis like a pistol shot; explosive form. Give these three forms of breath on the aspirate *h*.

SUGGESTIONS.

"The amount of work a person can do is not so much dependent on his muscle as on his breathing capacity."

For variety, the arms may be folded behind the back. Always inhale through nostrils, with lips closed when possible.

Never raise the shoulders in these exercises.

When exhaling, place a candle two inches in front of mouth; the flame should not vibrate. Enough breath should be used to make the sound, no more.

The laughing exercise is excellent for strengthening the abdominal muscles.

In all the breathing exercises where counting is necessary, count one to a second.

It is a good plan to fill the lungs and gently pat the chest while holding the breath. Inflate the lungs to the fullest capacity, then swallow two or three times without letting any breath escape.

"A bad reader does not take breath often enough and spends it too freely; he throws this precious treasure out of the window, as it were, squandering it as a spendthrift his gold."—*Legouve.*

LESSON III.

TABLE OF DIACRITICAL MARKS.

VOCALS.

	A	*E*	*I and Y*	*O and OO*	*U*
Macron (–).....	āpe	bē, the͟y	īce, mȳ	ōld, mo͞on	tūne
Breve (⏑).....	căt	mĕt	ĭt, hy̆mn	nŏt, fo͝ot	ŭp
Circumflex (^)...	fâir	thêre	.....	nôr	ûrn
Two dots (··)....	ärm, ba̤ll	.....	machïne	do̤	rṳde
One dot (·).....	ȧsk, wha̤t	.....	.....	dȯne, wo̤lf	fṳll
Tilde (~).....	.....	hẽr	stīr	.....	.....

SUBVOCALS AND ASPIRATES.

	C and Ch	*G*	*S*	*Th*	*N*	*X*
Macron (–).....	ɛat, aɛhe	ḡet	iṣ	thine	iṉk	eẋert
One dot (·).....	.....	ġem	.....	.....	.....	.....
Cedilla (,).....	çede, çhaise	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

TABLE OF EQUIVALENTS.

Ā — āi, ẹi, ẹy, āu, āy, eā, āo, ẹigh, āye.

Ă — ăi, uă, ăl.

Ä — äh, eä, äu, uä, e.

Ạ — ŏ.

Ạ̤ — ạu, ạw, ou, ạwe.

Ȧ — uȧ.

Â — ê, âi, eâ, hêi, ây.

Ē — ēē, ï, ēa, ēy, ēo, oē, uay, iē, ēi.

Ĕ — iĕ, ĕi, u, ue, ĕo, ĕa, ay, ai, a.

Ẽ — ẽ, ẽa, ī, uẽ, ỹ.

Ī — īe, ȳ, aȳe, īgh, aī, eī, uȳ, oi.

Ĭ — ĭa, ĭe, y̆, aĭ, ay̆, eĭ, o, u, uĭ.

Ō — ōe, au, eō, ōa, ōo, ōw, ōu, ōwe, ōugh.

Ọ — ụ, o͝o, ọu.

Ọ̤ — ọ̤e, o͞o, ọ̤u, ew, wo, u, ue, ui.

Ū — ew, eaū, ieū, iew, ūe, eū, ūh, yoū.

In the following list of words all these equivalents are used; let the student arrange them according to the sound:

Aim, heinous, whey, gauge, pray, steak, gaol, eight, aye, plaid, guarantee, algebra, hurrah, hearth, laundry, guard, sergeant, not, all, pause, awful, ought, awe, quaff, ere, stair, swear, their, prayer, earn, teeth, police, sea, key, people, Cæsar, quay, field, receive, bird, guerdon, myrtle, heifer, friend, guess, bury, heaven, leopard, says, again, many, vie, sky, aye, high, aisle, sleight, buy, choir, carriage, sieve, hymn, mountain, Tuesday, foreign, women, minute, quilt, toe, hautboy, yeoman, oats, door, tow, four, owe, dough, pull, book, would, shoe, boot, tour, grew, two, true, fruit, few, beauty, adieu, view, avenue, feud, buhl, you.

LESSON IV.

ARTICULATION.

Articulation is the utterance of the elementary sounds, and the joining of these sounds into syllables, the syllables into words, and the words into phrases. It embraces pronunciation, syllabication, and accent.

An elementary sound is a distinct sound made by the voice.

Pronunciation is the utterance of words.

Syllabication is dividing a word into syllables.

Accent is a stress of voice applied to one or more syllables of a word, to distinguish them from the other syllables of the same word.

A syllable is a word, or part of a word, uttered by one impulse of the voice.

The most common faults in articulation are: Giving incorrect sounds to letters, omitting sounds, carelessness with respect to unaccented syllables, the omission or imperfect utterance of the first or the last syllable or sound of a word, and the overlapping of words in sentences.

All but the last are also faults in pronunciation.

The exercises given below contain words in which the elementary sounds are hard to pronounce, or are commonly mispronounced. Under each elementary sound blanks are left, which are to be filled in by the student, choosing the words with which he has difficulty. Some of these words, and the sentences containing examples of difficult articulation, should be practiced daily.

I. VOCALS.

A macron, marked ā—Mā′ry, prāi′rie, pā′tron, māintāin′, appārā′tus, ā′pricot, māy′or, vāgā′ry, grā′tis, strā′ta.

A breve, marked ă—ănd, ălter′nate, băr′rel, păg′eant, grăn′ary, săt′irist, ăn′swer, hăr′row, răil′lery, plăid.

A two dots above, marked ä—läugh, päth, ärm, hälf, Colorä′do, pïä′no, Nevä′dà, cän't, häunt, bäth.

A two dots below, marked a̤—ba̤ll, ta̤lk, sa̤u′cer, ca̤l′dron, da̤ugh′ter, wa̤′ter, wa̤nt, a̤l′der, ca̤ught, ta̤ll.

A dot above, marked ȧ—vȧst, dȧnce, Frȧnce, grȧss, ȧfter, pȧst, lȧss, brȧnch, alȧs′, pȧs′tor.

A dot below, marked ạ—wạs, whạt, wạn′der, swạmp, wạsp, wạr′rant, wạsh, quạr′rel, swạl′low, quạr′ry.

A circumflex, marked â—câre, prâyer, beâr, sweâr, squâre, peâr, fâir, dâre, pâr′ent, châr′y.

E macron, marked ē—crēēk, ēi′ther, lēi′sure, drē′ary, wēa′ry, amē′nable, ē′quipoise, fē′brile, precēd′ence, rē′quiem.

E breve, marked ĕ—yĕs, dĕc′ade, fore′hĕad, dĕaf, chĕr′ries, fĕtid, mĕt′ric, again′ (gĕn), said (sĕd), ĕgg.

E tilde, marked ẽ—ẽarn′est, ẽrr, wẽre, vẽrb, sẽrv′ice, nẽrve, pẽr′fect, mẽr′cy, ẽr′mĭne, vẽr′dict.

E circumflex, marked ê—thêre, ê′er, whêre′fore, thêir, hêir, swêar, wêar, nê′er, thêre′fore, whêre′as.

E sub-macron, marked e̱—the̱y, ve̱in, de̱ign, we̱ight, he̱in′ous, whe̱y, obe̱y′, e̱lite′, fre̱ight, ne̱igh.

I macron, marked ī—Pal′estīne, horī′zon, aspīr′ant, inquīr′y, tī′ny, bronchī′tis, cär′bīne, bīog′raphy, long′līved, callī′ope.

I breve, marked ĭ—Ĭtal′ian, vĭc′ar, dĭrect′, pĭa′no, strych′nĭne, mas′culĭne, prohĭbĭ′tion, trĭb′une, fĭdel′ity, fĭnance′.

I tilde, marked ĩ—thĩrst′y, vĩr′gin, bĩrd, fĩr, sĩr, stĩr′rup, thĩr′ty, gĩrl, vĩr′tue, ĩrk′some.

I two dots above, marked ï—critïque′, bastïle′, routīne′, marïne′, ravïne′, fatïgue′, ennuï′, petïte′, machïne′, souvenïr′.

O macron, marked ō—hōarse, arō′ma, fōr′ger, mōurn′er, corō′na, decō′rous, oppō′nent, stōr′age, wōn't, ō′rotund.

O breve, marked ŏ—dŏg, flŏr′in, cŏf′fee, dŏn′key, dŏc′ile, cŏst, frŏn′tier, cŏm′rade, hŏv′el, ŏr′ange.

O two dots below, marked o̤—do̤, pro̤ve, to̤mb, ado̤′, cano̤e′, beho̤ve′, so̤up, to̤ur, thro̤ugh, yo̤u.

O one dot below, marked ọ—wọlf, bọ′som, wọrst′ed, wọ′man, cọuldn't, wọuld, shọuld, wọlf′ish, shọuldn't, wọuldn't.

O one dot above, marked ȯ—cȯn′jure, dȯth, bȯm′bast, plȯ′ver, wȯr′ry, bȯmb, bȯr′ough, drȯmedary, mȯngrel, dȯst.

O circumflex, marked ô—côrn, hôrse, bôrn, fôr′ceps, môrt′gage, ôr′chard, fôrt′night, môr′tal, côrpse, thôrn.

U macron, marked ū—tūne, lit′eratūre, sūit′or, blūe, lū′nacy, in′stitūte, tū′mult, dūke, Jūne, neū′ter.

U breve, marked ŭ—cŭr′ry, cŭr′rency, fŭr′row, bŭd, coŭr′age, mŭr′rain, hŭr′ry, flŭr′ry, ŭsh′er, hŭr′ricane.

U two dots below, marked ṳ—rṳle, prṳd′ish, rṳth′less, hṳrräh′, trṳf′fle, rṳ′ral, rṳ′in, brṳ′in, trṳ′ant, prṳ′dent.

U one dot below, marked ụ—pụsh, bụsh, pụll, fụll, bụl′let, bụtch′er, pụl′pit, pụd′ding, pụss, pụl′ley.

U circumflex, marked û—cûrl, ûrge, tûrn, sûr′geon, mûr′der, hûrl, pûrse, bûrst, mûr′mur, bûr′den.

Oo macron, marked o͞o—spo͞on, so͞on, ro͞ot, ho͞of, ro͞of, ho͞op, fo͞od, scho͞ol, no͞ok, co͞ol.

Oo breve, marked o͝o—co͝ok, ho͝ok, bo͝ok, lo͝ok, ho͝od, wo͝ol, bro͝ok, wo͝od, to͝ok, go͝od.

LESSON V.

II. SUBVOCALS (spell phonically).

b.—babe, ebb, mob, rob, fiber, imbibe, barb, herb.

"The *b*ar*b*arous Hu*b*ert took a *b*ri*b*e
To kill the royal *b*a*b*e."

d.—died, did, odd, feed, lad, trod, deck, fade.

"Mea*d*ows trim and daisies pie*d*,
Shallow brooks and rivers wi*d*e."

g.—gig, beg, frog, egg, mug, clog, gray, get.

"A *g*iddy, *gigg*ling girl, her kinsfolk pla*g*ue,
Her manners vul*g*ar and her converse va*g*ue."

j.—jump, just, jog, gill, gem, join, rejoice, June.

"*J*ohn *J*ones, the *j*unior partner, was sent to *j*ail."

l.—smile, still, gilt, lull, soil, sale, roll, mill.

"*L*ie light*l*y on her, earth,
Her step was *l*ight on thee."

m.—mum, maim, moan, vim, tame, dim, rum, time.

"Through glades and gloo*m*s the *m*ingled *m*easure stole.

n.—noun, nine, fine, pain, crown, clean, run, learn.

"To talk of *non*en*n*tity a*nn*ihilated was certai*n*ly *non*sen*n*sical e*n*ough."

r (trilled).—rough, rude, roar, roll, round, rope, raise.

"Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!"

r (smooth).—year, store, deer, oar, fear, tore, cheer.

v.—vine, leave, love, gave, rave, dove, five, rove.

"They were *v*anquished by the *v*aliant foe."

w.—wild, woe, we, will, want, water, wet, warm.

"*W*oe *w*orth the chase! *w*oe *w*orth the day!
That cost thy life, my gallant gray."

"He *w*oed a *w*oman who *w*ould never *w*ed."

y.—yell, young, ye, you, yet, yarn, yoke, youth.

A *y*oke of oxen cannot haul *y*ams in a *y*acht with a *y*arn rope.

z = s.—prize, amazed, gaze, breeze, nose, lose, shoes, those.

The breeze fanned the blaze, and the prize chee*s*e was soon roasted by the boy*s*.

zh.—pleasure, azure, leisure, rouge, treasurer, glazier, seizure.

The seizure of the trea*s*ure gave him great plea*s*ure.

n (before *g* or *k*).—singing, angry, king, bank, drink, wink.

"With a clammer, a clank, a clash, and a cla*ng*."

x = *gz.*—exist, example, exhaust, exert, exhale, examination.

He e*x*erted himself to the utmost, but was thoroughly e*x*hausted at the close of the e*x*amination.

th.—thine, thither, blithe, baths, with, moths, oaths, laths.

"As I wake sweet music brea*th*e
Above, about, or underne*ath*."

III. ASPIRATES.

f.—life, fife, wolf, thief, calf, off, waif, cuff.

"But with the *f*roward he was *f*ierce as *f*ire."

h.—harm, hair, how, hill, had, here, hail, heat.

"Up a *h*igh *h*ill *h*e *h*eaved a *h*uge round stone."

k = *c* = *ch.*—kill, can, kick, track, chyle, come, spike, talk.

"A blac*k* cake of *c*urious quality."

s.—sin, sad, loss, this, cease, sell, office, else.

"A *s*nowy sheet as if each *s*urge upturned a sailor's shroud."

t.—taunt, gilt, tart, treat, write, shut, light, twit.

"A *t*ell-*t*ale *t*attling *t*ermagan*t* tha*t* *t*roubled all the *t*own."

p. — pin, primp, peep, harp, pop, type, keep, sup.
"*P*eter *P*iper *p*icked three *p*ecks of *p*rickly, *p*rangly *p*ears."

sh = ṣh. — shell, sham, plush, slush, ṣhaise, ṣhute, rash, wash.
"She *sh*uns sun*sh*ine; do you *sh*un sun*sh*ine?"

ch. — chime, chop, chill, rich, ditch, church, churl, chew.
"*Ch*arge, *Ch*ester, *ch*arge; on, Stanley, on."

th. — thin, thick, three, truth, thirsty, thankful, teeth, mouth.
"He *th*rust *th*ree *th*ousand *th*istles *th*rough the *th*ick of his *th*umb."

x = *ks.* — vex, flax, relax, wax, stocks, looks, lakes, mocks.
"Open loc*ks* whoever knoc*ks*."

LESSON VI.

UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

Murdoch says: "Nothing more distinguishes a person of a good, from one of a mean, education than the pronunciation of the unaccented vowels."

Rule I. — *A*, *i* or *y*, ending an unaccented syllable, is generally short obscure, as *a*bound, *a*bash, extr*a*, *a*greeable, c*a*pacious, d*i*rect, aren*a*, algebr*a*, d*i*vorce, d*i*gest, m*i*nute, p*y*rites, util*i*ty.

Exception. — If these vowels directly precede an accented vowel they are long, as *a*ereal, d*i*ameter, h*y*ena.

Rule II. — *E*, *o* or *u*, ending an unaccented syllable, is generally long obscure, as p*e*tition, soci*e*ty, *e*vent, s*e*rene, p*o*tato, t*o*bacco, hist*o*ry, opp*o*site, philos*o*phy, f*u*tility, c*u*taneous, f*u*turity.

The article *a* should be long obscure.

The article *the* should be pronounced with the vowel *e* long obscure. *A* and *e* long obscure tend toward the sound of *i* breve.

Rule III. — *A*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, *y*, preceding *r* in final unaccented syllables, have the sound of *e* tilde — begg*a*r, arm*o*r, sat*y*r.

Rule IV. — Final *ain* is pronounced like ĕn obscure — vil*lain*, chapl*ain*, barg*ain*, the *e* verging toward ŭ.

EXAMPLES OF DIFFICULT ARTICULATION.

"The rain ceaseth and it ceaseth to rain."

"She uttered a shrill shriek, and shrank from the shriveled form."

"To obtain either—to obtain neither."

"He could pay nobody; he could pain nobody."

"Shoes and socks shock Susan." (Repeat three times.)

"It was indubitably an abominable eccentricity."

"The incomprehensibility of the article, etymologically considered, is evident."

"Sad angler; sad dangler."

"Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts."

"Thirty-three thousand and thirty-three thoughtless youths thronged the thoroughfare, and thought that they could thwart three thousand thieves by throwing thimbles at them."

"Kunnel Kirkham Kames cruelly kept the kiss that his cousin Katherine Kennedy cried for."

"Thou mangl'dst his writings, trifl'dst with his affections, hurl'dst him from his high position."

SUGGESTIONS.

"Pronunciation is a true test of culture."

Of the diacritical marks, the macron and the breve should be taught in the first primary, two dots and one dot in the second grade, and the remainder in the third grade.

No teacher is doing his duty who does not know how to read the dictionary, and who allows his pupils to continue to imitate him in a careless, slipshod articulation and poor pronunciation.

Let each one try to discover his own faults of articulation, and then practice, practice, practice, till the faults are corrected.

Pronounce a word correctly more times than you have pronounced it incorrectly, and you will be likely to use thenceforth the correct form.

The tongue learns habits, and the great point is, to have it learn good habits; and if it has learned bad ones, to correct them as soon as possible.

Eternal vigilance is the price of correct pronunciation.

"Articulation, and articulation alone, gives clearness, energy, passion, and force. Such is its power that it can even overcome deficiency of voice in the presence of a large audience."
—*Legouve.*

Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
The careless churl who speaks of sŏap for sōap:
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,
Who said at Cambridge mŏst instead of mōst;
But knit her brows and stamped her angry foot,
To hear a teacher call a rōo̅t a rōo̅t.
Once more, speak clearly if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Do n't, like the lecturer, or dramatic star,
Try over hard to roll the British *r:*
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Do n't — let me beg you — do n't say "How?" for "What?"
And when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Do n't strew the pathway with those dreadful *urs.*—*Holmes.*

It is sometimes a good plan to get the school to help you make a rhyme, using words which are commonly mispronounced. Here is an example, written by students of the Sterling high school and sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." It accomplished its object.

A WAIL OF W"O."

Some people call a spōo̅n, a spōo̅n;
Some call a rōo̅f, a rōo̅f, sir;
Some people often have a "swōo̅n,"
While others give "reprōo̅f," sir.
In many words we butcher "o";
As hōo̅f, prōo̅f, hōo̅p, and hōo̅t, sir;
But the one mistake that 's worst of all
Is pronouncing rōo̅t, for rōo̅t, sir.

LESSON VII.

FORM OF VOICE AND QUALITY OF VOICE.

Voice is sound produced by the passage of air through the larynx.

Form of voice is the mode or manner of utterance.

The three forms of breath, the effusive, the expulsive, and the explosive, when vocalized, give the three corresponding forms of voice.

In the effusive form, the vocalized breath *flows* out in a gentle stream.

In the expulsive form, the breath is *expelled* with more or less force according to the degree of feeling.

In the explosive form, the breath *bursts* forth into explosions upon the emphatic words.

The different forms may be used with any of the other properties of voice, and will be further explained and illustrated under quality of voice.

Quality of voice is the kind of voice used in reading and speaking.

There are two qualities of voice: the *pure* and *impure*. Pure quality is used to express cheerful and ennobling ideas. It has three classes: the natural, the orotund, and the oral.

Impure quality expresses secrecy, hate, awe, and fear. It is also used in burlesque and impersonation. Impure quality has five classes: aspirate, guttural, pectoral, nasal, and falsetto.

The *natural* quality with *effusive* form is used in tranquil emotions, sadness or grief. It is a round, clear, sweet, musical tone, and is very effective in speaking.

EXAMPLES.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all.

—*Alice Cary.*

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose over the city,
Behind the dark church tower.

—*Longfellow.*

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me "Good night" and be kissed.

—*Dickens.*

The *natural expulsive* is used in common conversation, animated description, and gladness.

EXAMPLES.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before

the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless—each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the other.—*Jane Taylor.*

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook what is another's bane;
I fear no foe nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life nor dread my end.

—*Anon.*

Loose declamation may deceive the crowd.
And seem more striking as it grows more loud;
But sober sense rejects it with disdain,
As naught but empty noise, and weak as vain.

—*Story.*

The *natural explosive* is used in jollity, mirth, and laughter.

EXAMPLES.

Haste thee, nymphs, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles.

—*Milton.*

I come from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.

—*Tennyson.*

Mister, I came to beg your pardon. You fell on the ice and I laughed at you; but—ha! ha! ha!—upon my soul, I couldn't help it. It was the—ha! ha! ha!—funniest sight I ever saw; and oh! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—I couldn't help laughing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The *orotund* possesses all the good qualities of the natural intensified; it is fuller, deeper, and stronger, with the resonance in the chest.

In forming this tone the soft palate is raised, the base of the tongue and larynx are depressed as in yawning, and the column of air is directed upward.

The orotund is acquired only by long and careful practice; but to any one, especially to a public speaker, it is worth all the time and pains spent upon it.

EXERCISES.

Open the mouth as if about to yawn, then give a̤ as in a̤ll, then ä as in ärm. In the same position, with the vocal passage wide open, give äh in a whisper. Prolong thirty seconds. Make a clear, whistling sound.

With the organs in the same position, give these sounds; the mouth opens wider till the fourth, then closes gradually to the close; give the sounds with one breath: ē, ā, â, ä, û, a̤, ō, o͞o. Repeat several times.

The *orotund effusive* expresses dignity, reverence, and sublimity.

EXAMPLES.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light?— *Ossian.*

O, thou eternal one, whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,—
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!
Thou only God,—there is no God beside.
—*Dershaven.*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
—*Byron.*

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!"

The *orotund expulsive* is used in expressing grand and patriotic emotions, in earnest appeal, and in solemn and impressive discourse.

EXAMPLES.

The wretch without reputation is under eternal quarantine; no friend to greet, no home to harbor him. The voyage of his life becomes a joyless peril; and in the midst of all ambition can achieve, or avarice amass, or rapacity plunder, he tosses on the surge, a buoyant pestilence.—*Charles Phillips.*

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish—that it may live in the respect of my countrymen—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.—*Emmet.*

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field!—*Patrick Henry.*

LESSON VIII.

The *orotund explosive* is the language of courage, defiance, and command.

EXAMPLES.

Once more I breathe the mountain air;
Once more I tread my own free hills;
My lofty spirit throws all its fetters off in its proud flight.
'T is like the new-fledged eaglet, whose strong wing
Soars to the sun it long has gazed upon with eye undazzled:
O, ye mighty race, that stand like frowning giants
Fixed to guard my own proud land,
Why did ye not hurl down the thundering avalanche,
When at your feet the base usurper stood?

— *Knowles.*

"Quick! quick! brave spirits, to his rescue fly;
Up! up! by heavens! This hero must not die!"

"Strike — till the last armed foe expires,
Strike — for your altars and your fires,
Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
God — and your native land!"

The *oral* is a thin, weak utterance, partaking somewhat of ventriloquism, apparently coming from a distance. With effusive form it is characteristic of sickness and weakness; with the expulsive form, of exhaustion and fatigue.

EXAMPLES.

Oral Expulsive.

"'Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him,
And mother, now I'll go to sleep.' Alas! poor little Jim!"

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'T is a fog-bell on a rock bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

— *Longfellow.*

The *aspirate* is a quality of voice in which more breath escapes from the lungs than is vocalized. There are many degrees of aspiration, from a pure whisper to pure vocality.

The aspirate is used in language of secrecy, fear, and suppressed command.

EXAMPLES.

The foe! They come! They come!

— *Byron.*

"Is all prepared? — speak soft and low."
"All ready! we have sent the men,
As you appointed, to the place."

"Soldiers, you are now within a few steps of the enemy's outposts. Our scouts report them slumbering around their watch-fires, and entirely unprepared for our attack. Let every man keep the strictest silence, under pain of instant death."

Only the old camp raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper: "Boys, be still;
There 's some bad news from Granger's folks."
— *Lynn.*

The *pectoral* is the tone of despair, dread, awe, and anger; also used in impersonating ghosts, and in describing the supernatural. In forming this tone the vocal organs are somewhat relaxed, the voice is sunk deep down into the chest, making a hollow, sepulchral sound.

EXAMPLES.

O, I have passed a miserable night—
So full of fearful dreams and ugly sights,
That as I am a Christian, faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days—
So full of dismal terror was the time.— *Shakespeare.*

I pray you give me leave to go from hence: I am not well.
— *Shakespeare.*

Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep: Now witchraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings and withered murder,
Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace
Toward his design, moves like a ghost.— *Macbeth.*

I am thy father's spirit
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night
And, for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.— *Ghost, in Hamlet.*

The *guttural* is a harsh, rough, grating, throaty tone, formed by a contraction of the muscles of the throat, squeezing the voice so as to form a grating, rasping sound. It is characteristic of hatred, scorn, intense anger, and contempt.

EXAMPLES.

"Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou cold-blooded slave!
Thou wear a lion's hide?
Doff it for shame, and hang
A calf-skin on those recreant limbs.
Thou worm! thou viper! to thy native earth
Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon. Thou scum! thou reptile!"

"How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian."

The *falsetto* is a peculiar, high-pitched, shrill tone, with the resonance in the head. Its pitch is above where the voice is said to "break." It is used in imitating old men's and women's voices; it also adds to the effect in imitating children's voices.

EXAMPLES.

"Now, Socrates, dearest," Xantippe replied,
"I hate to hear everything vulgarly *my'd;*
Now whenever you speak of your chattels again,
Say *our* cow house, *our* barn yard, *our* pig pen."

And in a coaxing tone he cries,
"Charco'! Charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies,
"Ah, go! Ah, go!"
"Charco!"—"Ah, go!"
And at the sounds, the mother's face with gladness bounds.

—*Trowbridge.*

The *nasal* tone *seems* to come through the nose. It is formed by having the nasal passage partially or totally closed, so that there can be no resonance there. It is used for the most part in mimicry.

EXAMPLES.

But the deacon *swore* (as deacons do,
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell *yeou*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun'.

—*Holmes.*

"'The birds can fly, an' why can't I?
Must we give in,' says he, with a grin,
'That the blue-bird and Phœbe are smartr 'n we be?'"

LESSON IX.

FORCE.

Force is the degree of strength of the voice.

There are six degrees of force: suppressed, subdued, moderate, energetic, vehement, sustained.

Suppressed force is an aspirated or a half-aspirated tone, to form which, the excess of feeling seems to send forth more breath than can be vocalized.

Suppressed force is used to express awe, horror, and amazement.

EXAMPLES.

Suppressed Force, Pectoral Quality, Effusive Form, Median Stress.

O, Lord! methought what pain it was to drown;
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears;
What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea;
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 't were in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.—*Shakespeare.*

Subdued force is used in the expression of tranquil, peaceful, tender emotions.

EXAMPLES.

Effusive Form, Orotund, Median Stress, Low Pitch.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we.
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us gently, Time!—*Barry Cornwall.*

"Softly, peacefully,
Lay her to rest;
Place the turf lightly
On her young breast.
Gently, solemnly,
Bend o'er the bed
Where ye have pillowed
Thus early her head."

"Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept."

Aspirate Quality.

"Heard ye the whisper of the breeze,
As softly it murmured by,
Amid the shadowy forest trees?
It tells, with meaning sigh,
Of the bowers of bliss on that viewless shore,
Where the weary spirit shall sin no more."

"Tread lightly, comrades!—we have laid
His dark locks on his brow—
Like life—save deeper light and shade—
We 'll not disturb them now."

Moderate force is used in ordinary conversation.

EXAMPLES.

Natural Quality, Expulsive Form, Middle Pitch.

Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration,
By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;
You never, whate'er be your fortune or station,
Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,
As gayly convened at the work-covered table,
Each cheerfully active, playing her part,
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,
And plying the needle with exquisite art:
The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.—*Woodworth.*

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crow-bars loose the bull-dog's grip;
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.—*Holmes.*

"I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, all because of the spell words of scandal and the magic mutterings of gossip."

"In reading, or writing, or sewing, 't is right
To sit, if you can, with your back to the light;
And then, it is patent to every beholder,
The light will fall gracefully over the shoulder."

Energetic force is the degree of strength of the voice which is used to express joy, gaiety, laughter, grandeur, and bold description.

EXAMPLES.

Expulsive Form.

"There 's nothing like fun, is there? I haven't any myself, but I do like to see it in others."

Not in vain the distance beacons, forward, forward, let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.
—*Tennyson.*

Explosive Form.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty night;
The year is dying in the light;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
—*Tennyson.*

We 've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking, in public, as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It 's a neat little fiction,—of course it 's all fudge.
—*Holmes.*

"As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the state-house,
So they surge against the door."

Vehement force is used to express feelings of great joy, courage, defiance, anger, and loathing.

EXAMPLES.

Vehement Force, Orotund Quality, Explosive Form, High Pitch.

"From every hill, by every sea,
In shouts proclaim the great decree,
All chains are burst, all men are free!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

"Mind and charge home!
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: Look to 't! Come on!"

Banished! I thank you for 't! it breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword 's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, wither'd hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your consul 's merciful;— for this all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Cataline.
—*Croly.*

Sustained force is used in calling and commands.

EXAMPLES.

Explosive Form, High Pitch, Orotund Quality.

"Ahoy, young man!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you."
—*Gough.*

"Jump, far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire!" he said;
"This chance alone your life can save.
Jump! jump, boy!" He obeyed.
—*Morris.*

Rejoice, ye men of Angiers! Ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's, doth approach.
Open your gates and give the victors way.
—*Shakespeare.*

A voice came down the wild wind:
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry;
Our stout "Three Bells of Glasgow"
Shall stand till daylight by!
—*Whittier.*

LESSON X.

STRESS.

Stress is the application of force to some part or parts of an accented sound, or syllable.

There are six kinds of stress: radical, final, median, compound, thorough, intermittent.

In *radical* stress, the force is applied to the beginning of the sound or syllable and gradually decreases to the end.

There are two kinds of radical stress: unimpassioned radical and impassioned radical.

Unimpassioned radical is characteristic of lively, joyous description and distinct statement.

EXAMPLES.

A *bow-shot* from her *bower* eaves,
He *rode* between the *barley-sheaves*,
The *sun* came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And *flamed* upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A *red-cross knight* forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That *sparkled* on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.
—*Tennyson.*

And *what* is so *rare* as a *day* in *June?*
Then if ever come perfect days.
Then *Heaven* tries the *earth* if it be in tune,
And *over* it softly her warm ear lays.
—*Lowell.*

"*Insects* generally must lead a *jovial life*. *Think* what it must be to *lodge* in a *lily*. *Imagine* a *palace* of *ivory* and *pearl*, with *pillars* of *silver* and *capitals* of *gold*, and exhaling such a *perfume* as never arose from human censer. Fancy again the *fun* of tucking one's self up for the night in the folds of a *rose*, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to *wash* yourself in a *dewdrop* and fall to *eating* your *bedclothes*."

The *impassioned radical* is characteristic of command, courage, anger, and terror.

EXAMPLES.

Up! comrades, *up!*—in Rokeby's halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls!—*Scott.*

Back! ruffians, *back!* nor *dare* to tread
Too near the body of my dead
Nor touch the *living* boy; *I* stand
Between him and your lawless band.—*Stephens.*

The *combat* deepens. *On*, ye brave.
Who rush to glory or the grave.
Wave Munich, all thy banners *wave*,
And *charge* with all thy chivalry.—*Campbell.*

Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll *make* a *corse* of him that disobeys.—*Shakespeare.*

Alack! I am afraid they have awaked, and 't is not done.—*Shakespeare.*

In *final stress*, the force gradually increases to the end of the sound or syllable, and closes abruptly; it expresses determination, surprise, hate, and scorn.

EXAMPLES.

Final Stress, Energetic Force, High Pitch.

Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em; *no*, sir; I'm *not* going out a dowdy to please *you*, or anybody *else*. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better I should say; but when I *do* go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a *lady*.—*Jerrold.*

I'll have my *bond:* I *will* not hear thee *speak:*
I'll have my *bond:* and therefore speak no *more.*
—*Shakespeare.*

In *median stress*, the greatest force is applied to the middle of the sound or syllable; it expresses tranquil, joyous emotions; also patriotism, hope, and deep feeling.

EXAMPLES.

Median Stress, Orotund Quality, Effusive Form.

There's a *land* far *away*, 'mid the *stars*, we are *told*,
Where they know not the *sorrows* of *time;*
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of *gold*,
And *life* is a treasure *sublime.*
—*Clark.*

Now glory to the Lord of *Hosts*, from whom *all glories are*,
And *glory* to our *sovereign liege*, King Henry of Navarre.
—*Macaulay.*

"Your *deep* bark *goes*
Where *traffic* blows,
From *lands* of *sun* to *lands* of *snows:*—
This *happier one*,
Its *course* is *run*
From *lands* of *snow* to *lands* of *sun.*"

Lord, Thou hast been our *dwelling place* in *all* generations. *Before* the *mountains* were brought *forth* or ever Thou hadst *formed* the *earth* and the *world*, even from *everlasting* to *everlasting*, Thou art *God.*—*Bible.*

LESSON XI.

Compound stress is the union of the radical and final on one sound. The force decreases to the middle and increases to the end; it is used to express irony, sarcasm, and contempt.

EXAMPLES.

"Shall *Lewis* have *Blanche*, and *Blanche* these *provinces?*"

"Must I give *way* to your rash *choler?*
Must I be *frighted*, when a madman *stares?*"

And this *man*
Is now become a *god.*
— *Shakespeare.*

Thorough stress carries the radical stress through the sound or syllable; it is used in language of fearlessness, braggadocio, and command.

EXAMPLES.

"*Blaze* with your serried columns!
I *will not* bend the knee!
The shackles *ne'er again* shall *bind*
The *arm* which *now* is *free.*"

No, by the *rood*, *not so.*
You are the *queen*, your *husband's brother's wife.*
— *Shakespeare.*

Intermittent stress is tremulous force upon the sound or syllable.

In the joyous tremor the voice moves through whole tones.

In the plaintive tremor the voice moves through semitones.

EXAMPLES.

Joyous Tremor, Orotund Quality, High Pitch.

Oh! then I see *Queen Mab* hath been with *you.*
She is the *fairies' midwife*, and she *comes*
In shape no bigger than an *agate-stone*
On the forefinger of an *alderman.*
— *Shakespeare.*

"*Joy, joy* forever! My *task* is *done*,
The *gates* are *past* and *heaven* is *won.*"

"'God *bless* the bonny *Highlanders;*
We're *saved!* we're *saved!*' she cried."

Plaintive Tremor.

"*Pity the sorrows of a poor old man*
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door."

"My *child*, my *child!*" with sobs and tears,
She shrieked upon his calloused ears.
— *Mackay.*

O, Absalom! my *son!* my *son!*
— *Willis.*

LESSON XII.

PITCH.

Pitch is the degree of elevation or depression of the voice.

The degrees of pitch of the voice depend upon its cultivation; but for convenience we say there are five degrees: very high, high, middle, low, very low.

Very high pitch is the tone of great joy, fright, and terror; also used in calling.

High pitch is the tone of gaiety, defiance, command.

Middle pitch is the tone of common conversation, unimpassioned description or narration.

Low pitch is the tone of adoration, solemnity, and gloom.

Very low pitch is the tone of sublimity, pathos, and deepest solemnity and reverence.

EXAMPLES.

Very High Pitch.

Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out,
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.
—*Whittier.*

High Pitch.

"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him?
Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards! have ye left me
To meet him here alone?"

Middle Pitch.

"I love music, when she appears in her virgin purity, almost to adoration. But vocal music—the dearest, sweetest thing on earth—unaccompanied with good elocution, is like butter without salt; a garlic-eater with a perfumed handkerchief; or, rather, like a bankrupt beau—his soft hands encased in delicate kids—with soiled linen and patches upon his knees."

Low Pitch.

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high:
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!—*Coleridge.*

Very Low Pitch.

Pauline! by pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mold.—*Lytton.*

"In silence and at night the conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than power."
So say'st thou sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried? Sublime Philosophy,
Thou art the patriarch's ladder reaching heaven
And bright with beck'ning angels, but, alas!
We see thee like the patriarch but in dreams
By the first step low slumbering on the earth.—*Ibid.*

'T is midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world.—*Young.*

"There was silence, and I heard a voice saying 'Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?'"

LESSON XIII.

INFLECTION.

Inflection is variation of pitch on a single sound: a movement of the voice upward or downward.

The upward movement is the *rising inflection* (′).

The downward movement is the *falling inflection* (‵).

The *rising inflection* indicates doubt, uncertainty, and incompleteness of idea; it is used in direct questions, in unemphatic negation, and in exclamations of address and inquiry.

(Direct question), Can you define a direct question′?

(Unemphatic negation), I could hardly believe it′.

(Exclamation of address), "The combat deepens, on, ye brave′!"

(Exclamation of inquiry), "Ah′! Indeed′!"

The *falling inflection* is used in ordinary exclamation, emphatic negation; in affirmations and commands: it indicates certainty, determination, and completion of thought.

(Exclamation), "Stretch to the race‵! Away‵! Away‵!"

(Emphatic negation), "I will not‵ fight you‵."

(Affirmation), The weather is delightful‵.

(Command), "Be a soldier\,—be a hero\,—be a man\.

The *circumflex* is the union of two or three inflections on one sound.

The union of two inflections on one sound is *simple circumflex.*

The union of three inflections on one sound is *compound circumflex.*

The circumflex is rising or falling as it ends with the rising or falling inflection, marked: rising (ˇ), falling (ˆ).

The circumflex is used to express irony, sarcasm, contempt, raillery, mockery, and surprise.

EXAMPLES.

Simple Circumflex.

Hath a *dog* money′? Is it possible a *cur* can lend three thousand ducats′?

If thou dost slander *her* and torture *me* never pray more\.

If you said *so* then I said *so.* O hô! did you say so? So they shook hands and were sworn brothers.

Compound Circumflex.

Cassius. "You love me not!"

Brutus. "I do not love your *faults.*"

(Begin with rising and end with rising on "faults.")

The *interval* of inflection is the length of slide of the voice.

In the *semitone*, the voice slides up or down a half tone; in the *second*, two tones; in the third, three tones; in the fifth, five tones; and in the octave, eight tones.

Greater emphasis requires longer slides.

The semitone denotes pity, distress, plaintiveness.

"O *Absalom!* my son, my son *Absalom!*"

The slide of the *second* denotes reverence, awe, sublimity.

"The *Lord* is in his *holy temple.* Let *all* the *earth* keep *silence before him.*'

The slide of the *third* is used in animated conversation.

"Of *Stuart*, the *painter*, this amusing *anecdote* is related."

The fifth denotes alarm, surprise, anger.

Horatio—"My lord, I think I saw him yester night."

Hamlet—"Saw who?"

Horatio—"My lord, the king, your father."

Hamlet—"The *king*, my *father!*"

The *octave* denotes extreme surprise.

"*Angels* and ministers of *grace* defend us!"

(First rise and then fall an octave on "angels" and fall an octave on "grace.")

In the monotone the pitch does not change; it expresses awe, reverence, and sublimity.

"Pale, sheeted ghosts with gory locks upstarting from their tombs."

"Thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, I dwell in the high and holy place."

LESSON XIV.

TIME.

Time in reading is a measure of the duration of speech sounds; it embraces rate, pause, and ~~authority~~. quantity.

Rate is the speed of movement, and may be classed as very slow, slow, moderate, brisk, and rapid.

Very slow rate expresses adoration, melancholy, and deep grief.

Slow rate expresses grandeur, solemnity, and sublimity.

Moderate rate is used in ordinary unimpassioned conversation.

Brisk rate expresses gladness, excitement, animation.

Rapid rate expresses hurry, confusion, and ecstatic joy.

EXAMPLES.

Very Slow Rate.

Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'T is as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause:
An awful pause! prophetic of her end!—*Young.*

Slow Rate.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea.—*Coleridge.*

Moderate Rate.

Th' unseemly jest, the petulant reply,
That chatters on, and cares not how or why,
Strictly avoid,—unworthy themes to scan,
They sink the speaker and disgrace the man:
Like the false lights by flying shadows cast,
Scarce seen when present and forgot when past.—*Story.*

Brisk Rate.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the West!
Through all the wide border his steed was the best:
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
—*Scott.*

Rapid Rate.

"More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
Now, Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! now Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

LESSON XV.

PAUSE.

Pause is the suspension of the voice. Pauses are grammatical, rhetorical, or emotional.

Grammatical pauses are those which are made at the punctuation marks. In general, a comma indicates the shortest pause; a semicolon, slightly longer; a colon, longer than a semicolon; and a period, interrogation point, and exclamation point, still longer.

Rapid rate, haste, and fear should have short pause: slow rate or abrupt change of thought should have long pause.

Rhetorical pauses are made where there are no punctuation marks, and are absolutely necessary to make reading clear and impressive.

RULES.

Make rhetorical pauses before phrases and clauses.

Make rhetorical pauses before words transposed from their natural order.

Make rhetorical pauses before parentheses.

Make rhetorical pauses before words following ellipses.

Make rhetorical pauses before quotations.

Make rhetorical pauses before emphatic words.

Make rhetorical pauses after members of a series.

Make rhetorical pauses after quotations.

Make rhetorical pauses after parentheses.

Make rhetorical pauses after phrases or clauses used as subjects of sentences.

Make rhetorical pauses after emphatic words.

Make rhetorical pauses after objects placed at the beginning of sentences.

Make rhetorical pauses after and between words in apposition.

[The student should furnish examples of each of the pauses.]

Emotional pauses should be made before and after words or phrases expressing strong emotion.

QUANTITY.

Quantity is the length of time given to sounds or syllables. Quantity is long, moderate or short. *Long quantity* is used in sorrow, solemnity, awe, and pathos.

EXAMPLE.

Beneath those *rugged elms*, that *yew tree's shade*,
Where *heaves* the *turf* in many a *mouldering heap*,
Each in his narrow cell *forever* laid.
The rude forefathers of the hamlet *sleep*.—*Gray*.

Moderate quantity is used in ordinary conversation. See examples of moderate force, middle pitch, etc.

Short quantity is used in joy, excitement, anger, and fright.

EXAMPLE.

And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!—*Scott*.

LESSON XVI.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is any change or peculiarity of voice or gesture by which especial attention is called to one or more words of a sentence.

Words may be made emphatic by means of variation in pitch, force, time, quality, form, etc., and by combination of these properties.

Emphasis may be antithetic, cumulative or absolute.

Antithetic emphasis is applied to words or phrases which are contrasted. The contrasts may be expressed or understood.

EXAMPLES OF EXPRESSED CONTRAST.

The cynic is one who *never* sees a *good* quality in a man, and never *fails* to see a *bad* one. He is the human owl, *vigilant* in *darkness*, and *blind* to *light;* mousing for *vermin*, and never seeing *noble* game.—*Beecher.*

I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my *foes;*
But heaven defend me from the *friend*
Who *comes* and never *goes.*
—*Hood.*

There is a time to *weep*, and a time to *laugh;* a time to *mourn*, and a time to *dance.*—*Bible.*

EXAMPLES OF UNDERSTOOD CONTRAST.

"The debt which the *present* generation owes to the monks of the *middle* ages."

Speak the speech, I pray you, as *I* pronounced it to you.—*Shakespeare.*

("Speak" and "pronounced" have the same meaning, and "I" is contrasted with "you," the subject of speak.)

You *have* done that you *should* be sorry for.—*Shakespeare.*

"Approach and read, for *thou canst* read, the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

("Thou canst" is contrasted with "I cannot," understood.)

Cumulative emphasis is that which is applied with increasing power to a succession of emphatic words.

EXAMPLES OF CUMULATIVE EMPHASIS.

"They come! *to arms!* TO ARMS! TO ARMS!"

"He buys, he *sells*, he STEALS, he KILLS for gold."

"*Hence*, HOME, you idle creatures! get you HOME!"

"The charge is *utterly*, TOTALLY, MEANLY false."

Absolute emphasis is that which is applied to words which are in themselves important.

EXAMPLES OF ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

"*What* a piece of work is *man!*
How *noble* in reason! how *infinite* in faculties!
In *form* and *moving* how express and admirable!
In *action* how like an *angel;* in apprehension how like a god!"

The day is done, and the *darkness*
Falls from the *wings of night*,
As a *feather* is wafted downward
From an *eagle* in its *flight*.
—*Longfellow.*

Emphasis is generally applied to single words; but sometimes to phrases or several words together; and occasionally to every word of a sentence.

"Heaven and earth will witness,
If — Rome — must — fall — that we are innocent."

"Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's — cold — flood
Should fright us from the shore."

In the following sentence every word is emphatic:

If — my — happiness — must — be — put — up — for — sale, then let the price be well secured for which I barter it.

Use emphasis upon the proper words so as to bring out the true meaning in the following examples:

"O fools and slow of heart to believe all that was spoken by the prophets."

"The settler here the savage slew."

"Paul had determined to sail by Ephesus" (to sail past).

"One of the servants of the high priest, being his kinsman whose ear Peter cut off, saith, Did not I see thee in the garden with him?" (whose kinsman lost his ear?)

LESSON XVII.

MODULATION.

Modulation is such a variation in the tones of the voice as will best convey the thought and feeling of the author, and be most agreeable to the hearer.

There is a "uniform variety" which is almost as disagreeable as monotone, and should be as carefully avoided. This consists in making a change in pitch, force, rate, etc., at regular intervals, regardless of the sentiment. For example, beginning each sentence on a high pitch and then dying away to its close, or beginning with a slow rate and gradually increasing the speed to the close, etc.

The student should practice upon the exercises on pages 20 to 40, inclusive, until the organs become so flexible and under such perfect control that he can make any change in form, quality, pitch, etc., at will.

IMPERSONATION.

Impersonation is the art of using such modulations and style as to represent another.

The best place to study this subject is among the class of people one wishes to impersonate, and a skillful mimic will make the best impersonator.

To impersonate *old age*, give a high, thin, cracked tone, and to represent toothlessness draw the lips over the teeth. (See "OLD MAN IN THE MODEL CHURCH.")

Children's voices are higher, thinner, with more marked slides, mouth wide open, throat slightly contracted. (See "THE BALD-HEADED MAN.")

Where several persons are to be impersonated in one reading, sufficient change should be made in the voice, style, and position of the body that the different characters may easily be distinguished, and the same style should be maintained for each character during the reading.

The only way to learn the different dialects, Negro, Dutch, Irish, etc., is from a teacher, or, better still, from the characters themselves.

One great fault of young readers and some old ones is to impersonate too much, even confusing it with description.

Imitative modulation is playing upon words so as to make the sound correspond to the sense.

Examples for practice — try to *suggest* the meaning by the sound: Buzz, rattle, hiss, roar, flow, crash, smooth, rough, large, little, broad, thunder, groan, sigh, scream, slowly, massive, grasping, strength, joyous, sparkling, glittering, bursting.

Not only in single words can the sense be suggested by the sound, but also in whole passages; especially in poetry.

EXAMPLES.

"With many a weary step and many a groan
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone."

"When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main."

"An ancient time-piece says to all,
'Forever — never! Never — forever!'"

"In deeds of love, excel! excel!
Chimed out from ivy towers a bell."

"Hear the sledges with the bells — silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!"

"Hear the tolling of the bells — iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!"

"Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward!"

"There crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves."

"Double, double toil and trouble
Fire burn, and caldron bubble."

"The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peals."

LESSON XVIII.

GESTURE.

Suit the action to the word and the word to the action.—*Shakespeare.*

Gesture is that part of delivery which appeals to the eye: it includes position and movement.

The *position* in reading should be easy and graceful, one foot about three inches in front of the other, making an angle of thirty degrees. The distance from the outside of one foot to the outside of the other should be as great as the body is wide at the hips; the weight of the body supported on rear foot; right hand hanging at side; book held in left hand; the thumb and little finger holding the book open.

Movement.—The hand in gesture may be supine, palm up; prone, palm down; or vertical, palm away from reader. Nearly all gestures are made with palm up. Prone indicates negation, and vertical, warding off.

With hand and arm, gestures may be made directly in front of the reader, called *front;* to the right or left, called *lateral;* between front and lateral, called *oblique;* back of lateral, called *backward;* below the level of shoulder, called *descending;* on a level with the shoulder, called *horizontal;* above the level of the shoulder, called *ascending.*

ABBREVIATIONS IN GESTURE.

D. descending — plane of the will, determination.
H. horizontal — plane of the intellect.
A. ascending — plane of the imagination.
F. front — something near by in time or place.
O. oblique — something indefinite; used also in explanations.
L. lateral — great extent, contrast.
B. backward — obscure, hidden, past time.
Dbl., both hands.

EXERCISES IN GESTURE.

On count *one* bring the hand to H. F. (horizontal front), thumb uppermost; on count *two* raise the hand, bending the elbow, till the fingers, hanging naturally, point to the top of the forehead; on count *three* make the gesture unfolding the hands and arms gracefully, palm up; on count *four* let the hand fall easily to the side. Practice these till they can be performed easily and gracefully.

Right hand; then with left hand; then with both hands:

D. F., 1, 2, 3, 4; H. F., 1, 2, 3, 4; A. F., 1, 2, 3, 4; D. O., 1, 2, 3, 4; H. O., 1, 2, 3, 4; A. O., 1, 2, 3, 4; D. L., 1, 2, 3, 4; H. L., 1, 2, 3, 4; A. L., 1, 2, 3, 4; D. B., 1, 2, 3, 4; H. B., 1, 2, 3, 4; A. B., 1, 2, 3, 4.

The following selection is given by many elocutionists as a gesture exercise, and is considered one of the best:

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

NOTE.—In the following exercise the letters refer to the directions as given above. All are to be given with right hand supine unless otherwise designated.

The *wind* is high — the *window* shakes;
Dbl. A. O. *H. L. Pointing Right.*

With sudden *start* the miser wakes!
H. O. Vertical. *H. O.*

Along the silent room he stalks;
H. F. to O. . . . (*Gesture Sustained.*)

Looks back and *trembles* as he walks!
Head and Eyes Left. *Dbl. H. O.* (*tremor.*)

Each *lock* and ev'ry *bolt* he tries,
D. O. Pointing. D. L. Pointing.

In ev'ry *crack* and *corner* pries;
H. O. Left. . . H. O. Dbl.

Then opes his *chest* with treasure stored,
D. O. (*Gesture of Illustration.*)

And *stands in rapture* o'er his hoard.
Dbl. A. F. Vert. (*Forearm only.*)

But now with sudden qualms possessed,
(*Both Hands to Right.*) *Dbl. H. L. Vertical.*

He *wrings* his hands — he *beats* his breast;
(*Illustration.*) (*Illustration.*)

By conscience stung he wildly *stares;*
Illustration. (*Over Right Shoulder.*)

And thus his *guilty soul* declares:
Hands Crossed on Breast.

Had the *deep earth* her stores confined,
Dbl. D. O.

This heart had known sweet peace of mind;
Right Hand on Heart. Dbl. A. O.

But *virtue's* sold! Good gods, *what price*
Dbl. D. O. Prone. Dbl. H. L.

Can recompense the pangs of vice?
Dbl. D. O. Prone.

O, *bane* of good! seducing cheat!
Dbl. H. O. Prone. . . . . .

Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Same, but D.

Gold banished honor from the mind,
Dbl. H. L. Vert.

And only left the *name* behind;
Dbl. H. F.

Gold sowed the world with ev'ry ill;
Dbl. H. L.

Gold taught the murd'rer's *sword* to *kill;*
Hand Raised to Strike. Dbl. D. O. Prone.

'T was gold instructed coward hearts
H. O.

In *treach'ry's* most pernicious arts.
D. B. Prone.

Who can recount the mischief o'er?
Dbl. H. O.

Virtue resides on earth *no more!*
Dbl. A. O. Dbl. H. L.

SUGGESTIONS.

In going before an audience to read or speak, make a slight bow to the chairman while walking by him and another to the audience before stopping, taking two steps after the bow, while gaining an erect position.

Remember a beautiful form is more beautiful than a beautiful face, and beautiful manners are more beautiful than a beautiful form.

Never make a gesture unless it will help to illustrate or emphasize your idea.

Never make a gesture in reading while looking at the book.

Never make a gesture with one hand and hold the finger of the other hand on the line of the piece so as to keep the place.

Make the gesture on the most emphatic word and drop the hand to the side on the next emphatic word.

First the look, then the gesture, then the word in quick succession.

"Nothing is more deplorable than a gesture without a motive."—*Delsarte.*

LESSON XIX.

PRIMARY READING.

The methods which have been in vogue for teaching reading are: The *alphabetic* method, the *phonic* method, the *phonetic* method, the *word* method, and the *sentence* method.

The first three methods begin with the elements (letters and sounds) and combine them to form words; hence these methods are synthetic: the last two methods begin with wholes (words and sentences) and separate them into their elements; hence they are analytic.

As all psychologists agree that the child's mind is analytic, the principle underlying the last two methods is the correct one.

Experience has shown that the sentence is too complicated an aggregate for the child's mind to grasp, and resolve into its elements, and that the proper starting point from which to teach reading is the word.

Of the first three methods, the alphabetic is the only one that is used to any considerable extent at the present time. The child is first taught the letters, then words of two letters, as a–b ab, e–b eb, i–b ib, etc., then words of three letters, words of two syllables, gradually increasing in difficulty till he learns words of four and five syllables.

The arguments against this method are, that the names of the letters have little to do with their sounds in the sentence; that as letters they have no meaning for the children; that the child's mind is analytic; that there are no associations by which the child can remember the letters; that a word is not built of letters anyhow, but of sounds; and that a child can be interested in words while he cannot be interested in letters. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that a great many persons have learned to read by the alphabetic method, and that, in spite of all the difficulties, children still continue to learn their letters — in fact most of them have learned them before they enter the school room; and that a pupil must know the letters before he can learn new words for himself.

By the word method as now taught the pupil learns both the letters and the sounds soon after he learns the word.

The pupil should begin to learn words the first day he comes to school; at first words representing objects that can be shown, or the pictures of which can be shown, then words representing objects with which the child is familiar and which he can describe from memory, and a few verbs, such as *is*, *are*, *play*, etc., to be used in making sentences.

The teacher writes the word upon the board and the pupil learns to write it and to recognize it at sight in either print or script.

The pupil makes sentences or stories containing the word that he is learning till he understands its use thoroughly.

After the child has learned a number of words, the analysis may begin both into the letters of which the words are composed and into the elementary sounds.

Reading boxes are a great help in this work. Have about one hundred words printed on different colored card board, printed on both sides, beginning with a capital on one side and

a small letter on the other. Cut the card board so that a piece contains but one word on each side. Put in empty spool boxes ten copies of each word the pupil knows, and let him make sentences of them. Then add to the box each new word as the pupil learns it. *A*, *the*, *is*, *are*, etc., are learned among the first. so that sentences can be formed. At first the teacher writes the sentences on the board, and the pupils form them from the boxes. Spelling boxes may be used in the same way, only each piece of card board contains a letter, instead of a word, on each side, small on one side, capital on the other. The letters are put into the boxes promiscuously, and the pupil finds the ones to spell the words which have been written on the board by the teacher.

These boxes furnish excellent busy work for the little ones while the teacher is hearing the advanced classes. If your board will not get the cards for you, print them yourself. It will pay.

SUGGESTIONS.

There *is* a best method; but the spirit which animates the teacher is of infinitely more importance than the method.

Do not teach the little ones to say *uh* and *thu* for *a* and *the*.

Do not have young pupils read what they have read so often that they know it without the book: it develops a listless, inattentive disposition.

Always choose the word or words and outline the lesson before you hear your class.

If possible show the object or picture, if the children cannot describe it from memory.

If you are a teacher, you will invent hundreds of ways to arouse the enthusiasm of the pupils and to keep them busy.

LESSON XX.

METHODS WITH ADVANCED CLASSES.

(1.) Calisthenic drill. (2.) Breathing exercises. (3.) Vocal drill in pitch, force, rate, etc. (4.) Exercise in pronouncing difficult words or words commonly mispronounced. (5.) Questions on the selection to be read, to bring out the style of piece and the manner in which it should be read. (6.) Read the selection.

METHODS.

1. Have one read, and the remainder of the class point out the errors.

2. Have each one read the same paragraph or stanza and see who makes the fewest mistakes.

3. Have each one read a certain part of the lesson and see who can look from his book the most.

4. Have each pupil read to a pause, the next one called upon taking up the reading where the last one left off.

5. Have each one read till he makes a mistake, and see who can read farthest.

6. Teacher read one line, class next line in concert, teacher next line, etc.

7. Appoint captains and have them choose the members of the class, one side criticising the other, the captains to keep the number of mistakes and see which will make the fewest in a week or two weeks.

8. Read in confusion. No. 1 begins and reads a piece through; when No. 1 has read two lines, No. 2 begins and reads to the close, No. 3 then, etc., till all the class has read.

9. Let the teacher read, and the pupil imitate as nearly as possible.

10. The teacher imitates the pupils in their faults, for often a mere calling attention to a fault will not be sufficient. This method must be used with great care.

11. Have pupils give synopsis of selection; also have them describe objects mentioned. This will help to develop the imagination, without which no good reading. Ask questions such as will help pupils to picture the scenes. Thus in "Jennie McNeal": How large was Jennie? Color of hair and eyes? How was she dressed? Describe cottage, surroundings. How many rooms in cottage? What kind of furniture, pictures, fireplace, etc.? Where did the gun hang? etc., throughout the piece.

PART II.

THE RIDE OF JENNIE McNEAL.

Paul Revere was a rider bold,—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one,—
Often it has been dwelt upon;
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie McNeal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the "Neutral Ground,"
In a cottage, cosy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all the many who passed their door;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years:
With vim her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing;
And, while her friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
Look'd solemnly quick to heed her call;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true.
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie McNeal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed:
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, "Madam, please give us a bit to eat;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel abed.
He is visiting home, as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close-watched the while by Jennie McNeal.

For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near
Had been her true friend, kind and dear;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee,

And told her stories many a one
Concerning the French war lately done.
And oft together the two friends were,
And many the arts he had taught to her;
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride;
And once had said, "The time may be,
Your skill and courage may stand by me."
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie McNeal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bare headed she slipped from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceasless storm;
Secure and tight a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern command;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed.
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie McNeal.

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lash'd the horse with the bridle rein;
So into the night the gray horse strode;
His shoes hewed fire from the rocky road;
And the high-born courage that never dies
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes:
The pebbles flew from the fearful race;
The raindrops grasped at her glowing face.
"On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie McNeal.
"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right:
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie McNeal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill:
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand;

Then sprung again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted, "One more trial now!"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And, galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie McNeal.

They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,—
Her poor arm helpless hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain,
But her cheeks as red as firebrands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,—
And shouted, "Quick! be quick, I say!
They come! they come! Away! away!"
Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie McNeal.

The startled colonel sprung, and pressed
The wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night;
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent, in the dim firelight,
And kissed the forehead broad and white.
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown:
'T is I who have scared him from his nest;
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bowed, and said,
"Never you hold a moment's dread:
Of womankind I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen:
Wear this gold ring as your valor's due;
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know:
I promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie McNeal.

WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

"PLEASE, sir, don't push so!" It was in endeavoring to penetrate the dense crowd that nearly filled the entrance, and blocked up the doorway, after one of our popular lectures, that this exclamation met my attention. It proceeded from a little girl of not more than ten years, who, hemmed in by the wall on one side, and the crowd on the other, was vainly endeavoring to extricate herself.

The person addressed paid no attention to the entreaty of the little one, but pushed on toward the door. "Look here, sir," said a man whose coarse apparel, sturdy frame, and toil-embrowned hands, contrasted strongly with the delicately

gloved fingers, curling locks, and expensive broadcloth of the former. "Look here, sir, you're jamming that little girl's bonnet all to smash with those elbows of yours."

"Can't help that," gruffly replied the individual addressed: "I look to No. One." "You take care of No. One, do you? Well, that's all fair: so do I," replied the honest countryman; and with these words, he took the little girl in his arms, and placing his broad shoulders against the slight form of the former, he pushed him through the crowd, down the steps, landing him, with somewhat more haste than dignity, in the street below.

The young gentleman picked himself up, but rather intimidated by the stout fist of the stranger, and rather abashed by the laughter of the crowd, concluded it was about time for him to go home. In polite society the former would be courted and admired, and the latter overlooked and despised. "Who was the gentleman?"

On a raw and blustering day last winter, a young girl, with a basket on her arm, entered one of our stores. After making a few purchases, she turned to leave. Two gentlemen stood in the doorway, whose appearance indicated that they thought themselves something; whose soft, sleek coats and delicate hands were apparently of about the same quality as their brains.

As they made not the slightest movement as she approached, the young girl hesitated a moment, but seeing no other way, she politely requested them to stand aside. They lazily moved a few inches, allowing her barely room to pass, giving her, as she did so, a broad stare, that brought the color to her cheek, and the fire to her eye. In stepping upon the icy pavement her foot slipped, and in endeavoring to save herself, her basket fell, and the wind scattered its contents in every direction.

At this, the two gentlemen burst into a loud laugh, and seemed to consider it as vastly amusing. "Let me assist you," exclaimed a pleasant voice; and a lad about sixteen, whose hands showed that they were accustomed to labor, and whose coarse but well-patched coat indicated that he was the child of poverty, sprang forward, and gathering up the articles, presented the basket with a bow and a smile that would have graced a drawing-room. "Who was the gentleman?"

Boys, you are all ambitious to become gentlemen. It is all very natural, but remember, that neither your own nor your parents' position in life, your tailor, your bootblack, or your barber, can make you one. The true gentleman is the same everywhere; not only at the social party or ball, but in the noisy mill, the busy shop, the crowded assembly, at home, or in the street; never oppressing the weak or ridiculing the unfortunate; respectful and attentive to his superiors; pleasant and affable to his equals; careful and tender of the feelings of those whom he may consider beneath him.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

The joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is singing along the sea-side;
The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers,
And the heart strings are trembling in all the glad bowers;
Swell, swell the gay measure! roll trumpet and drum!
'Mid greetings of pleasure in splendor they come!
The chancel is ready, the portal stands wide,
For the lord and the lady, the bridegroom and bride.

Before the high altar young Maud stands arrayed:
With accents that falter her promise is made—
From father and mother forever to part,
For him and no other to treasure her heart.
The words are repeated, the bridal is done,
The rite is completed—the two, they are one;

The vow it is spoken all pure from the heart.
That must not be broken till life shall depart.

Hark! 'mid the gay clangor that compassed their ear,
Loud accents in anger come mingling afar!
The foe 's on the border, his weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder unguarded are found.
As wakes the good shepherd, the watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard is seen in the fold,
So rises already the chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady looks fainting and pale.
"Son, husband, and brother, arise to the strife,
For the sister and mother, for children and wife!
O'er hill and o'er hollow, o'er mountain and plain,
Up, true men, and follow! let dastards remain."
Hurrah! to the battle! they form into line—
The shields, how they rattle! the spears, how they shine
Soon, soon shall the foeman his treachery rue—
On, burgher and yoeman, to die or to do!

The eve is declining in lone Malahide.
The maidens are twining gay wreaths for the bride;
She marks them unheeding—her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding for her in the war.
Hark! loud from the mountain—'t is victory's cry!
O'er woodland and fountain it rings to the sky!
The foe has retreated! he flies to the shore;
The spoiler's defeated—the combat is o'er!

With foreheads unruffled the conquerers come—
But why have they muffled the lance and the drum?
What form do they carry aloft on his shield?
And where does he tarry, the lord of the field?
Ye saw him at morning—how gallant and gay!
In bridal adorning, the star of the day:
Now weep for the lover—his triumph is sped,
His hope it is over! the chieftain is dead!
But oh, for the maiden who mourns for that chief
With heart overladen and rending with grief!
She sinks on the meadow, in one morning-tide
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride!
The war cloak she raises all mournfully now,
And steadfastly gazes upon the cold brow.
That glance may forever unaltered remain,
But the bridegroom will never return it again.
The death bells are tolling in sad Malahide,
The death wail is rolling along the sea tide;
The crowds, heavy hearted, withdraw from the green,
For the sun has departed that brightened the scene!

ANECDOTE OF JUDGE MARSHALL.

It is not long since a gentleman was traveling in one of the counties of Virginia, and about the close of the day stopped at a public house, to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow-guest, at the same house. As the old man drove up, he observed that both the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveler observed further, that he was plainly clad, that his kneebuckles were loosened, and that something like negli-

gence prevaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number—most, if not all of them, of the legal profession. As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter upon an eloquent harangue which had that day been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed the same day a degree of eloquence no doubt equal, but that it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit; and a warm and able altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock, until eleven, the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability every thing that could be said *pro* and *con*. During this protracted period, the old gentleman listened with all the meekness and modesty of a child: as if he was adding new information to the stores of his own mind; or perhaps he was observing with philosophic eye the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are evolved by repeated action; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation upon whom these future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument which, (characteristic of himself,) no art would be "able to elude, and no force to resist." Our traveler remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

At last, one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices, wheeled around, and with some familiarity, exclaimed, "Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?" If, said the traveler, a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made for nearly an hour, by the old gentleman, that he ever heard or read. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been done by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered. An attempt to describe it, said the traveler, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams. It was now a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was. The traveler concluded that it was the CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

LOOK on him!—through his dungeon grate
  Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
  As if it loathed the sight.
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hands uphold his drooping head.—
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, disheveled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
  And yet the winter's breath is chill;
And o'er his half clad person goes
  The frequent ague thrill!
Silent, save ever and anon,
A sound, half murmur and half groan,

Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip;
O sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?
A murderer shares his prison bed,
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,
Gleam on him fierce and red;
And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh and pulses thrill and creep
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-haired prisoner done?
Has murder stained his hand with gore?
Not so; his crime 's a fouler one:
GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR!
For this he shares a felon's cell,—
The fittest earthly type of hell!
For this, the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost,—
His blood-gained liberty is lost!

And so for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument upreared to thee,—
Piled granite and a prison cell,—
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout;
Let boastful eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With "glory" for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the winds, and fall,—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the law that binds him thus!
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind!

Open the prison's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code
To the free sun and air of God;
No longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

BEHIND TIME.

A RAILROAD train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time.*

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; reënforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost.

A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear: the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was *behind time.*

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold.

At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been *behind time.*

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for his reprieve, a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season.

Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind.

Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved rapidly to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time.*

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "*behind time.*"

Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

As I sit at my window here in Washington, watching the course of great men, and the destiny of party, I meet often with strange contradictions in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of John Howard Payne, author of "Sweet Home." I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time; and his conversation was so captivating, that I often spent whole days in his apartments.

He was an applicant for office at the time — consul at Tunis — from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poet subjected to the humiliation of office seeking! In the evening we would walk along the street. Once in awhile we would see some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that we would stop, and then pass silently on.

On such occasions he would give a history of his wanderings, his trials, and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and poverty. "How often," said he, once, "have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand organ playing "Sweet Home," without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to lay my head.

"The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office: and in old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity.

I met him one day, looking unusually sad. "Have you got your consulate?" said I. "Yes, and leave in a week for Tunis: I shall never return." The last expression was not a political faith. Far from it. Poor Payne! his wish was realized — he died at Tunis.

Whether his remains have been brought to this country, I know not. They should be; and, if none others would do it, let the homeless throughout the world give a penny for a monument to Payne. I knew him, and will give my penny for an inscription like the following:

HERE LIES *J. HOWARD PAYNE*, THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME." A WANDERER IN LIFE; HE WHOSE SONGS WERE SUNG IN EVERY TONGUE, AND FOUND AN ECHO IN EVERY HEART, NEVER HAD A HOME: HE DIED IN A FOREIGN LAND.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I 've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I 've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs:
'T is bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there.
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide:
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled:
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'T is past! 't is past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I 'll protect it now.
'T was my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot:
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old, familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And would'st thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I 've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

LITTLE BENNY.

I had told him Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,

And attentive, listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
Did not love a naughy child.

"But we 'll be dood, won't we, moder?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stocking hid,
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty custard
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Lapping off the shining froth;
And, in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me,
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mein indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney!" called he, loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You sall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight;
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the center of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watching the flames grow higher, higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Kaus, tome down de chimney;
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gamboled 'neath the live oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer:

"God bess fader, God bess moder,
God bess sister"—then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping; brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows,
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him, weeping
Thankful tears, O Undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory—
For the blessing of a child.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

"Captain Graham, the men were sayin'
Ye would want a drummer lad,
So I've brought my boy Sandie,
Tho' my heart is woful sad;
But nae bread is left to feed us,
And no siller to buy more,
For the gudeman sleeps forever,
Where the heather blossoms o'er.

"Sandie, make your manners quickly,
Play your blithest measure true—
Give us 'Flowers of Edinboro','
While yon fifer plays it too.
Captain, heard ye e'er a player
Strike in truer time than he?"
"Nay, in truth, brave Sandie Murray
Drummer of our corps shall be."

"I give ye thanks—but, Captain, maybe
Ye will hae a kindly care
For the friendless, lonely laddie,
When the battle wark is sair:
For Sandie 's aye been good and gentle,
And I 've nothing else to love,
Nothing—but the grave off yonder,
And the Father up above."

Then, her rough hand gently laying
On the curl-encircled head,
She blessed her boy. The tent was silent,
And not another word was said;
For Captain Graham was sadly dreaming
Of a benison, long ago
Breathed above his head, then golden,
Bending now, and touched with snow.

"Good-bye, Sandie." "Good-bye, mother,
I 'll come back some summer day;
Do n't you fear—they do n't shoot drummers
Ever. Do they, Captain Gra——?
One more kiss—watch for me, mother,
You will know 't is surely me
Coming home—for you will hear me
Playing soft the reveille."

* * * * * *

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly
Seemed to link in strange affright,
As the scudding clouds before them
Shadowed faces dead and white;
And the night wind softly whispered,
When low moans its light wing bore—
Moans that ferried spirits over
Death's dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless
Might go splashing down in blood,
Or a helpless hand lay grasping
Death and daisies from the sod—
Captain Graham walked swift onward,
While a faintly-beaten drum
Quickened heart and step together:
"Sandie Murray! See, I come!

"Is it thus I find you, laddie?
Wounded, lonely, lying here,
Playing thus the reveille?
See—the morning is not near."
A moment paused the drummer boy,
And lifting up his drooping head:
"Oh, Captain Graham, the light is coming,
'T is morning, and my prayers are said.

"Morning! See, the plains grow brighter—
Morning—and I 'm going home;
That is why I play the measure,
Mother will not see me come;
But you 'll tell her, won't you, Captain—"
Hush, the boy has spoken true;
To him the day has dawned forever,
Unbroken by the night's tattoo.

A LEGEND OF 1796.

They ran through the streets of the seaport town,
They peered from the decks of the shore where they lay;
The cold sea fog that came whitening down
Was never so cold or white as they.

"Ho! Starbuck, and Pinckney, and Tenderdon!
Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your fleet on the lower bay."
Good cause for fear. In the thick mid-day
A hulk that lay by the rotten pier,
Filled with children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear;
Drifted clear beyond reach or call,
Thirteen children there were in all,
All adrift on the lower bay.

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all,
She will not float till the turning tide."
Said his wife, "My darlings will hear my call
Whether in sea or heaven they bide;"
And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew;
Veiled each from each, and the sky and shore:
There was not a sound but the breath they drew
And the lap of water and creak of oar;
And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone;
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more; but they tell the tale
That when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail;
For the signal, they know, will bring relief;
For the voices of children still at play
In phantom hulk that drifts alway
Through channels whose waters never fail.

'T is only a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page;
But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of age,
We hear from the misty, troubled shore
The voices of children, gone before,
Calling the soul to its anchorage.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE'S APOLOGY.

Pauline (*laughing wildly*). THIS is thy palace, where the perfumed light
Steals through the mist of alabaster lamps,
And every air is heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves, and music from the sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains, that gush forth
I' the midst of roses! Dost thou like the picture?
THIS is my bridal home, and THOU my bridegroom!
O fool! — O dupe! — O wretch! — I see it all —
The by-word and the jeer of every tongue
In Lyons! Hast thou in thy heart one touch
Of human kindness? If thou hast, why, kill me,
And save thy wife from madness. No, it cannot,
It cannot be! this is some horrid dream:
I shall wake soon. (*Touching him.*) Art flesh? art man? or but
The shadows seen in sleep? — It is too real,
What have I done to thee — how sinned against thee,
That thou shouldst crush me thus?
Melnotte. Pauline! by pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time; by pride —
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mold —
The evil spirit of a bitter love,
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
From my first years, my soul was filled with thee:
I saw thee, midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmarked by thee — a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
I saw thee! and the passionate heart of man
Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy;
And from that hour I grew — what to the last
I shall be — thine adorer! Well! this love,
Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope:

I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell — how maidens, sprung from kings,
Have stooped from their high sphere; how love, like death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the scepter. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a fairy future!
My father died; and I, the peasant born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin jailers of the daring heart —
Low birth and iron fortune. Thy bright image,
Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters man! For thee I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages:
For thee I sought to borrow from each grace,
And every muse, such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to love. I thought of thee,
And passion taught me poesy — of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty! — Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
Men called me vain — some mad: I heeded not,
But still toiled on — hoped on — for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!

Pauline. Has he a magic to exorcise hate?

Melnotte. At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
And sent them to thee, — such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.
The name — appended by the burning heart
That longed to show its idol what bright things
It had created — yea, the enthusiast's name
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!
That very hour, — when passion, turned to wrath,
Resembled hatred most — when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos, — in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm —
It turned and stung thee!

PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard —
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
That you must n't be disturbed.

"But I'se tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzer fing to do.
Writing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tant I wite a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma 's busy;
Run and play with kitty now."
"No, no, mamma; me wite letter,
Ten you will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait,
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said—"I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted,
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news,"
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee:
"Mamma 's witing lots of letters;
I 'se a letter, Mary, see."

No one heard the little prattler,
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the table there.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o'er his shoulders
On the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened,
Till he reached the office door:
"I 'se a letter, Mr. Postman,
Is there room for any more?

"'Cause this letter 's going to papa;
Papa lives with God, 'ou know;
Mamma sent me for a letter,
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan do?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I 'll find anozzer office,
'Cause I must do if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hast'ning,
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At that moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure,
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'T was too late! A moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Rev'rently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God!

OUR FOLKS.

"Hi! Harry Holly! Halt,—and tell
A fellow just a thing or two;
You 've had a furlough, been to see
How all the folks in Jersey do.
It 's months ago since I was there,—
I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks.
When you were home,—old comrade, say,
Did you see any of our folks?

You did? Shake hands,—Oh, aint I glad;
For if I do look grim and rough,
I 've got some feelin'—people think
A soldier's heart is mighty tough;
But, Harry, when the bullets fly,
And hot saltpetre flames and smokes,
While whole battalions lie afield,
One's apt to think about his folks.

And so you saw them—when? and where?
The old man—is he hearty yet?
And mother—does she fade at all?
Or does she seem to pine and fret
For me? And Sis—has she grown tall?
And did you see her friend—you know
That Annie Moss—(How this pipe chokes!)
Where did you see her?—tell me, Hal,
A lot of news about our folks.

You saw them in the church, you say;
It 's likely, for they 're always there.
Not Sunday? no? A funeral? Who?
Who, Harry? how you shake and stare!
All well, you say, and all were out.
What ails you, Hal? Is this a hoax?
Why don't you tell me, like a man,
What is the matter with our folks?"

"I said all well, old comrade, true;
I say all well, for He knows best
Who takes the young ones in His arms
Before the sun goes to the west.
The axe man, Death, deals right and left.
And flowers fall as well as oaks;
And so—fair Annie blooms no more!
And that 's the matter with your folks.

See, this long curl was kept for you;
And this white blossom from her breast;
And here—your sister Bessie wrote
A letter, telling all the rest.
Bear up, old friend." Nobody speaks;
Only the old camp raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper: "Boys, be still;
There 's some bad news from Granger's folks."

He turns his back—the only foe
That ever saw it—on his grief,
And, as men will, keeps down the tears
Kind Nature sends to Woe's relief.
Then answers he, "Ah, Hal, I 'll try;
But in my throat there 's something chokes,
Because, you see, I 've thought so long
To count her in among our folks.

I s'pose she must be happy now,
But still I will keep thinking too,
I could have kept all trouble off
By being tender, kind, and true.
But maybe not. She 's safe up there,
And, when His hand deals other strokes,
She 'll stand by heaven's gate, I know,
And wait to welcome in our folks."

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

The first thing that I remember was Carlo tugging away,
With the sleeves of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling as much as to say:
"Come, master, awake, and tend to the switch, lives now depend upon you,
Think of the souls in the coming train and the graves you 're sending them to;
Think of the mother and babe at her breast, think of the father and son,
Think of the lover, and loved one, too, think of them doomed every one
To fall, as it were, by your very hand, into yon fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed, scarce knew where I stood, sleep had o'ermastered me so;
I could hear the wind hollowly howling and the deep river dashing below,
I could hear the forest leaves rustling as the trees by the tempest were fanned,
But what was that noise at a distance? That—I could not understand!
I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some muffled drum,
Then nearer and nearer it came to me, and made my very ears hum;
What is this light that surrounds me and seems to set fire to my brain?
What whistle 's that yelling so shrilly! O, God! I know now—it 's the train.

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take root to the place;
So I stood with this demon before me, its heated breath scorching my face,
Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared like the eyes of some witch;
The train was almost upon me, before I remembered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast down the track,
The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed holding it back;
On, on, came the fiery-eyed monster and shot by my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew nothing after the crash.

How long I lay there unconscious were impossible for me to tell.
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a hell—
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of husbands and wives,
And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I must account for their lives;
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes staring madly and wild;
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a child;
Children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me they sped,
And lips that could form naught but "Mamma," were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a second, the river should hide me away;
When, under the still burning rafters, I suddenly noticed there lay
A little white hand; she who owned it was doubtless an object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, tho' she guarded him now from above;
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them one side;
How little she thought of her journey, when she left for this last fatal ride;
I lifted the last log from off her, and, while searching for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recognized — Maggie, my wife!

Oh, Lord! Thy scourge is a hard one, at a blow Thou has shattered my pride;
My life will be one endless night-time, with Maggie away from my side;
How often we 've sat down and pictured the scenes in our long, happy life:
How I 'd strive through all of my lifetime to build up a home for my wife.
How people would envy us always in our cosey and neat little nest,
When I would do all the labor, and Maggie should all the day rest;
How one of God's blessings might cheer us, when some day I p'r'aps should be rich,
But all of my dreams have been shattered, while I lay there asleep at the switch.

I fancied I stood on my trial, the jury and judge I could see,
And every eye in the court room was steadfastly fixed upon me,
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face blushing blood red,
And the next thing I heard were the words, "Hung by the neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand caught tight hold of a dress.
And I heard, "What 's the matter, dear Jim? You 've had a bad nightmare, I guess."
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from the ditch —
I 'd been taking a nap in my bed and had not been asleep at the switch.

LITTLE JIM.

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the deathbed of her child:
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a collier's wife and child, they called him Little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the words from him,
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon Little Jim:
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but O! I am so dry;
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lip;
He smiled to thank her, as he took each little, tiny sip.

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him,
And, mother, now I 'll go to sleep." Alas! poor Little Jim!
She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so dear
Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear:
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.

He felt that all was over; he knew his child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed:
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he 'd fain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him — the stricken couple kneel:
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of Him,
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor Little Jim.

THE DEATH OF HAMILTON.

A SHORT time since, and he, who is the occasion of our sorrows, was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen: suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him, must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship; there, dim and sightless, is the eye, whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips, on whose persuasive accents we have so often, and so lately, hung with transport!

From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light, in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory — how humble appears the majesty of grandeur! The bubble, which seemed to have so much solidity, has burst; and we again see, that all below the sun is vanity.

True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced, the sad and solemn procession has moved, the badge of mourning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveler his virtues (just tributes of respect, and to the living useful); but to him, moldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! how unavailing!

Approach, and behold, while I lift from his sepulcher its covering! Ye admirers of his greatness! ye emulous of his talents and his fame! approach and behold him now. How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements; no fascinated throng weep, and melt, and tremble at his eloquence! Amazing change! a shroud! a coffin! a narrow, subterraneous cabin! — this is all that now remains of Hamilton! And is this all that remains of Hamilton? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect!

My brethren, we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten? Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you, from his death bed; and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well-known eloquence, the solemn admonition: "Mortals hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning and avoid my errors; cultivate the virtues I have recommended; choose the Saviour I have chosen; live disinterestedly; live for immortality; and would you rescue anything from final dissolution, lay it up in God."

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

O, GOOD painter, tell me true,
  Has your hand the cunning to draw
  Shapes of things that you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
  The picture must not be over-bright,—
  Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

Always and always, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
  Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom;
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
  Under their tassels,— cattle near,

Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!

These and the little house where I was born,
Low and little and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
  Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
  Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me:
Oh, if I only could make you see
  The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while!
I need not speak these foolish words:
  Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
  That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"—
  Nobody ever crossed her track
  To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 't is twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
  With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
  I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
  The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
  Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
  We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
  Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
  And, over the haystack's pointed top,
  All of a tremble and ready to drop
The first half-hour, the great yellow star
  That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
  Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall, red mulberry tree,

Which close in the edge of our flax field grew,—
  Dead at the top,—just one branch full
  Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
  Over our heads, when we came to play
  In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day;
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
  A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat;
The berries we gave her she would n't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
  Do you think, sir, if you try,
  You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
I think 't was solely mine, indeed:
But that 's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
Looking not on the nest-full of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs.
  But straight through our faces, down to our lies,
  And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise,
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.
                You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird at her knee,
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I 'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
  That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
  To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
  Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
  That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
  His pipe was in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
  The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
  Had sailed the Spanish main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
  For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
  And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
  And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'T is a fog bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of "Norman's Woe."

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of "Norman's Woe!"

GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah! why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn; thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns: Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches: till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp or pride; no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here; Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees

In music; Thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.

Here is continual worship; Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forests, tells no tale
Of all the good it does.

Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works, I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die: but see, again,
How, on the faltering footsteps of decay,
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Molder beneath them.

Oh! there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death; yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulcher, and blooms and smiles,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them: and there have been holy men,
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.

But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and, in Thy presence, reassure
My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps, shrink,
And tremble, and are still.

O God! when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods,
And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities; — who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by!
Oh! from these sterner aspects of Thy face
Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchained elements, to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conquerer;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on: the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last:
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:

"Strike — till the last armed foe expires!
Strike — for your altars and your fires!
Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet song and dance and wine,—
And thou art terrible: — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long betrothed were they:
They two shall wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair:
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair;
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God 's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I 'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie;
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know,
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here 's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown —
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brough
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of all the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:
He turned and kissed her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next of blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
"And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be—LADY CLARE."

THE MODERN CAIN.

"AM I my brother's keeper?"
Long ago,
When first the human heart strings felt the touch
Of Death's cold fingers—when upon the earth
Shroudless and coffinless Death's first born lay,
Slain by the hand of violence, the wail
Of human grief arose—"My son, my son!
Awake thee from this strange and awful sleep;
A mother mourns thee, and her tears of grief
Are falling on thy pale, unconscious brow:
Awake and bless her with thy wonted smile."

In vain, in vain! that sleeper never woke.
His murderer fled, but on his brow was fixed
A stain which baffled wear and washing. As he fled,
A voice pursued him to the wilderness:
"Where is thy brother, Cain?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?"
O, black impiety that seeks to shun
The dire responsibility of sin—
That cries with ever warning voice:
"Be still—away, the crime is not my own—
My brother lived—is dead, when, where,
Or how, it matters not, but he is dead.
Why judge the living for the dead one's fall?

"Am I my brother's keeper?"
Cain, Cain,
Thou art thy brother's keeper, and his blood
Cries up to heaven against thee: every stone

Will find a tongue to curse thee, and the winds
Will ever wail this question in thy ear:
"Where is thy brother?" Every sight and sound
Will mind thee of the lost.

I saw a man
Deal Death unto his brother. Drop by drop
The poison was distilled for cursed gold;
And in the wine cup's ruddy glow sat Death,
Invisible to that poor, trembling slave.
He seized the cup, he drank the poison down,
Rushed forth into the streets—home had he none—
Staggered and fell and miserably died.
They buried him—ah! little recks it where
His bloated form was given to the worms.
No stone marked that neglected, lonely spot;
No mourner sorrowing at evening came
To pray by that unhallowed mound; no hand
Planted sweet flowers above his place of rest.
Years passed, and weeds and tangled briers grew
Above that sunken grave, and men forgot
Who slept there.

Once had he friends.
A happy home was his, and love was his.
His Mary loved him, and around him played
His smiling children. O, a dream of joy
Were those unclouded years, and, more than all,
He had an interest in the world above.
The big "Old Bible" lay upon the stand,
And he was wont to read its sacred page
And then to pray: "Our Father, bless the poor,
And save the tempted from the tempter's art;
Save us from sin, and let us ever be
United in thy love, and may we meet,
When life's last scenes are o'er, around the throne."
Thus prayed he—thus lived he—years passed,
And o'er the sunshine of that happy home
A cloud came from the pit; the fatal bolt
Fell from that cloud. The towering tree
Was shivered by the lightning's vengefnl stroke,
And laid its coronal of glory low.
A happy home was ruined; want and woe
Played with his children, and the joy of youth
Left their sweet faces no more to return.
His Mary's face grew pale and paler still,
Her eyes were dimmed with weeping, and her soul
Went out through those blue portals. Mary died,
And yet he wept not. At the demon's call
He drowned his sorrow in the maddening bowl,
And when they buried her from sight, he sank
In drunken stupor by her new-made grave!
His friend was gone—he never had another,
And the world shrank from him, all save one,
And he still plied the bowl with deadly drugs
And bade him drink, forget his God, and die!
He died.

Cain! Cain! where is thy brother now!
Lives he still—if dead, still where is he?
Where? In heaven? Go read the sacred page:
"No drunkard ever shall inherit there."

Who sent him to the pit? Who dragged him down?
Who bound him hand and foot? Who smiled and smiled
While yet the hellish work went on? Who grasped
His gold — his health — his life — his hope — his all?
Who saw his Mary fade and die? Who saw
His beggared children wandering in the streets?
Speak — coward — if thou hast a tongue,
Tell why with hellish art you slew A MAN.
"Where is thy brother?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?"
Ah, man! A deeper mark is on thy brow
Than that of Cain. Accurséd was the name
Of him who slew a righteous man, whose soul
Was ripe for heaven; thrice accurséd he
Whose art malignant sinks a soul to hell.

PARRHASIUS AND THE CAPTIVE.

PARRHASIUS stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus —
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye,
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged gods, breathing from his flight.

"Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens — around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

"Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! — as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick — or he faints! — stand with the cordial near!
Now — bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

"So — let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"'Pity' thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar —
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine —
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine!

"'Hereafter!' Ay—hereafter!
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
To check the skeptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story—
And I may take some softer path to glory.

"No, no, old man! we die
Even as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, even as they!
Strain well thy fainting eye—
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

"Yet there's a deathless name!
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!

"Ay—though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first—
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

"All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!
O heavens!—but I appall
Your heart, old man! forgive——ha! on your lives
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

"Vain—vain—give o'er! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death!
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him!—so—he's dead."

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unreined ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever.

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.

FRIENDS: I come not here to talk! Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom;—we are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave!—not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads

To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves — slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred spearmen — only great
In that strange spell, a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor — there he stands —
Was struck — struck like a dog — by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to you,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy: there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored! and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! — and once again —
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! — once again I swear,
The eternal city shall be free! her sons
Shall walk with princes!

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts, — you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army — out of what? Englishmen, — the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen, — the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen, — their

equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a State to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

THE OLD MAN IN THE MODEL CHURCH.

WELL, wife, I've found the model church! I worshiped there to-day!
It made me think of good old times before my hairs were gray;
The meetin' house was fixed up more than they were years ago,
But then I felt, when I went in, it was n't built for show.

The sexton did n't seat me away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor;
He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through
The long isle of that crowded church to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin'; it had the old-time ring;
The preacher said, with trumpet voice: "Let all the people sing!"
The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,
And sang as in my youthful days: "Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in that blessed port, forever from the storm.

The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said;
I know it was n't written; I know it was n't read;
He had n't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye
Went flashin' 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon was n't flowery; 't was simple Gospel truth;
It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth;
'T was full of consolation, for weary hearts that bleed;
'T was full of invitations to Christ and not to creed.

How swift the golden minutes fled, within that holy place;
How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face;
Again I longed for that sweet time, when friend shall meet with friend,
"When congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end."

I hope to meet that minister — that congregation, too —
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue,
I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evenin' gray,
The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought — the victory soon be won;
The shinin' goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run;
O'er the river we are nearin', they are throngin' to the shore,
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

THE RED JACKET.

'T is a cold, bleak night! with angry roar
The north winds beat and clamor at the door;
The drifted snow lies heaped along the street,
Swept by a blinding storm of hail and sleet;
The clouded heavens no guiding starlight lend,
But o'er the earth in gloom and darkness bend;
Gigantic shadows, by the night lamps thrown,
Dance their weird revels fitfully alone.

In lofty halls, where fortune takes its ease,
Sunk in the treasures of all lands and seas;
In happy homes, where warmth and comfort meet
The weary traveler with their smiles to greet;
In lowly dwellings, where the needy swarm
Round starving embers, chilling limbs to warm,—
Rises the prayer that makes the sad heart light—
"Thank God for home, this bitter, bitter night!"

But hark! above the beating of the storm
Peals on the startled ear the fire alarm.
Yon gloomy heaven's aflame with sudden light,
And heart beats quicken with a strange affright;
From tranquil slumber springs, at duty's call,
The ready friend no danger can appall;
Fierce for the conflict, sturdy, true, and brave,
He hurries forth to battle and to save.

From yonder dwelling, fiercely shooting out,
Devouring all they curl themselves about,
The flaming furies, mounting high and higher,
Wrap the frail structure in a cloak of fire.

Strong arms are battling with the stubborn foe
In vain attempts their power to overthrow;
With mocking glee they revel with their prey,
Defying human skill to check their way.

And see! far up above the flame's hot breath,
Something that's human waits a horrid death;
A little child, with waving, golden hair,
Stands, like a phantom, 'mid the horrid glare,—
Her pale, sweet face against the window pressed,
While sobs of terror shake her tender breast.
And from the crowd beneath, in accents wild,
A mother screams, "O God! my child! my child!"

Up goes a ladder. Through the startled throng
A hardy fireman swiftly moves along;
Mounts sure and fast along the slender way,
Fearing no danger, dreading but delay.
The stifling smoke clouds lower in his path,
Sharp tongues of flame assail him in their wrath;
But up, still up he goes! the goal is won!
His strong arm beats the sash, and he is gone!

Gone to his death. The wily flames surround
And burn and beat his ladder to the ground,
In flaming columns move with quickened beat
To rear a massive wall 'gainst his retreat.
Courageous heart, thy mission was so pure,
Suffering humanity must thy loss deplore;
Henceforth with martyred heroes thou shalt live,
Crowned with all honors nobleness can give.

Nay, not so fast; subdue these gloomy fears;
Behold! he quickly on the roof appears,
Bearing the tender child, his jacket warm
Flung round her shrinking form to guard from harm.
Up with your ladders! Quick! 'tis but a chance!
Behold, how fast the roaring flames advance!
Quick! quick! brave spirits, to his rescue fly;
Up! up! by heavens, this hero must not die!

Silence! he comes along the burning road,
Bearing with tender care his living load;
Aha! he totters! Heaven in mercy save
The good, true heart, that can so nobly brave!
He's up again! and now he's coming fast—
One moment, and the fiery ordeal's passed—
And now he's safe! Bold flames, ye fought in vain.
A happy mother clasps her child again.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark!—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling over the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star:
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come! They come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's teardrops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave!—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now, beneath them, but above, shall grow,
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder, cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn, the marshaling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent.

MACLAINE'S CHILD.

"Maclaine! you've scourged me like a hound;
You should have struck me to the ground;
You should have played a chieftain's part:
You should have stabbed me to the heart.

"You should have crushed me into death:
But here I swear, with living breath,
That, for this wrong which you have done,
I'll wreak my vengeance on your son:

"On him, and you, and all your race!"
He said, and, bounding from his place,
He seized the child with sudden hold,
A smiling infant, three years old.

And, starting like a hunted stag,
He scaled the rock, he clomb the crag,
And reached, o'er many a wide abyss,
The beetling seaward precipice.

And, leaning o'er its topmost ledge,
He held the infant o'er the edge:
"In vain thy wrath, thy sorrow vain;
No hand shall save it, proud Maclaine!"

With flashing eye, and burning brow,
The mother followed, heedless how,
O'er crags with mosses overgrown,
And stair-like juts of slippery stone;

But, midway up the rugged steep,
She found a chasm she could not leap,
And, kneeling on its brink, she raised
Her supplicating hands, and gazed.

"Oh, spare my child, my joy, my pride!
Oh, give me back my child!" she cried:
"My child! my child!" with sobs and tears,
She shrieked upon his callous ears.

"Come, Evan," said the trembling chief,
His bosom wrung with pride and grief,
"Restore the boy, give back my son,
And I'll forgive the wrong you've done!"

"I scorn forgiveness, haughty man!
You've injured me before the clan;
And naught but blood shall wipe away
The shame I have endured to-day."

And, as he spoke, he raised the child,
To dash it 'mid the breakers wild;
But, at the mother's piercing cry,
Drew back a step, and made reply:—

"Fair lady, if your lord will strip,
And let a clansman wield the whip,
Till skin shall flay, and blood shall run,
I'll give you back your little son."

The lady's cheek grew pale with ire,
The chieftain's eye flashed sudden fire;
He drew a pistol from his breast,
Took aim,—then dropped it, sore distressed.

"I might have slain my babe, instead.
Come, Evan, come," the father said,—
And through his heart a tremor ran,—
"We'll fight our quarrel man to man."

"Wrong unavenged I've never borne,"
Said Evan, speaking loud in scorn;
"You've heard my answer, proud Maclaine:
I will not fight you: think again."

The lady stood in mute despair,
With freezing blood and stiffening hair;
She moved no limb, she spoke no word;
She could not look upon her lord.

He saw the quivering of her eye,
Pale lips, and speechless agony,
And, doing battle with his pride,
"Give back the boy: I yield," he cried.

A storm of passion shook his mind,—
Anger, and shame, and love combined;
But love prevailed, and, bending low,
He bared his shoulders to the blow.

"I smite you," said the clansman true;
"Forgive me, chief, the deed I do!
For, by yon heaven that hears me speak,
My dirk in Evan's heart shall reek!"

But Evan's face beamed hate and joy;
Close to his breast he hugged the boy:
"Revenge is just, revenge is sweet,
And mine, Lochbuy, shall be complete."

Ere hand could stir, with sudden shock,
He threw the infant o'er the rock,
Then followed with a desperate leap,
Down fifty fathoms to the deep.

They found their bodies in the tide;
And never, till the day she died,
Was that sad mother known to smile,—
The Niobe of Mulla's isle.

They dragged false Evan from the sea,
And hanged him on a gallows tree;
And ravens fattened on his brain,
To sate the vengence of Maclaine.

LIBERTY AND UNION, 1830.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprung forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this Government,

whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union: on States dissevered, discordent, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre: not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured,—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly: Liberty first, and union afterwards; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty *and* union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! Charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies—
"Hark, O! Hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat:
His coat is darker far than that;
'T is odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm.
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot, nor speck—though still he cries,
"Charco'! Charco'!"
And many a roguish lad replies—
"Ark, ho! Ark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Ark, ho!"—Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay,
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries—
"Charco'! Charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies—
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Mark, ho!"—Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er

The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,
"Charco'! Charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies—
"Ah, go! Ah, go!"
"Charco'!"—"Ah, go!"—while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man,
Though dusky as an African:
'T is not for you that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries—
"Charco'! Charco'!"
While mocking echo still replies—
"Hark, O! Hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds.

ABSALOM.

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream: the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds: and the long stems
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitude, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world.

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem: and now he stood
With his faint people, for a little space,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To it's refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh, green bank
And spoke their kindly words: and as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full,—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor, common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel: and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield: and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom,—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom,—
The proud, bright being who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy

The heart that cherished him — for him he poured
In agony that would not be controlled
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.
* * * * * * *
The pall was settled. He who slept beneath,
Was straightened for the grave: and as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet: his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him: and the jeweled hilt
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested like mockery on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang: but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command
In a low tone to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die,—
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair—
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee—
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee—
And hear thy sweet '*My father*,' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young:
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tressses to the soft winds flung,—
But thou no more with thy sweet voice shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'T is hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin — oh! I could drink the cup
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer:
And as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly and composed the pall
Firmly and decently,— and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

EMMETT'S VINDICATION.

WHAT have I to say why the sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say, that can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored — as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country — to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be secured from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

I do not imagine, that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court, constituted and trammeled as this is. I only wish — and it is the utmost I expect — that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor, to shelter it from the storms by which it is at present buffeted.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere,— whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice: the man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

When my spirit shall have been wafted to a more friendly port, when my shade shall have joined those bands of martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and of virtue, this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard,— a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of orphans, and the tears of widows which it has made. (*Here Lord Norbury said, "Weak and wicked enthusiasts like you can never accomplish their wild designs."*)

I appeal to the immaculate God, to the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear, to the blood of the murdered patriots, who have gone before, that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope, that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence.

Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretense to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him. Again I say that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordships.—whose situation I commiserate rather than envy: my expressions were for my countrymen; if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction—(*Here he was interrupted by the court.*)

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood the judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity—to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer with tender benignity their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he had been adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions, where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy and not your justice is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the proposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the proposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the accused culprit; I am a man: you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could characters. If I stand at the bar of this court and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach?

Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and, as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collected universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives—by the country's oppressors, or—— (*Here Lord Norbury said, "Listen, sir, to the sentence of the law."*)

My lords, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your lordships insult me—or, rather, why insult justice—in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes the right of answering.

This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the castle before your jury was empanneled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit; but I insist on the whole of the forms.

CASSIUS AGAINST CÆSAR.

Honor is the subject of my story,
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber, chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me—"Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me, into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it;
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried—"Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar; and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his luster; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
"Alas!" it cried—"Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl.—Ye gods! it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we, petty men,
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men, at some time, are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar! What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together: yours is as fair a name;

Sound them: it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them: it is as heavy; conjure with them:
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome, indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
The eternal devil, to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here, lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here, the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now, they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now, they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here, they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written His laws for them on tables of stone, but He had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of Nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the Universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld Him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble, though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a Pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face, a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors. The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil, where *he* walked in majesty, to remind *us* how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is

pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structnre of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues, as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate, as a people.

THE MINISTER'S GRIEVANCES.

"BRETHREN," said the aged minister, as he stood up before the church meeting on New Year's eve, "I am afraid we will have to part. I have labored among you now for fifteen years, and I fell that that is almost enough, under the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed. Not that I am exactly dissatisfied; but a clergyman who has been preaching to sinners for fifteen years, for five hundred dollars a year, naturally feels that he is not doing a great work when Deacon Jones, acting as an officer of the church, pays his last quarter's salary in a promissory note at six months, and then, acting as an individual, offers to discount it for him at ten per cent., if he will take it part out in clover seed and pumpkins.

"I feel somehow as if it would take about eighty-four years of severe preaching to prepare the deacon for existence in a felicitous hereafter. Let me say, also, that while I am deeply grateful to the congregation for the donation party they gave me on Christmas, I have calculated that it would be far more profitable for me to shut my house and take to the woods than endure another one. I will not refer to the impulsive generosity which persuaded Sister Potter to come with a present of eight clothes pins; I will not insinuate anything against Brother Ferguson, who brought with him a quarter of a peck of dried apples of the crop of 1872; I shall not allude to the benevolence of Sister Tynhirst, who came with a pen wiper and a tin horse for the baby; I shall refrain from commenting upon the impression made by Brother Hill, who brought four phosphorescent mackerel, possibly with an idea that they might be useful in dissipating the gloom in my cellar. I omit reference to Deacon Jones' present of an elbow of stovepipe and a bundle of toothpicks, and I admit that when Sister Peabody brought me sweetened sausage meat, and salted and peppered mince meat for pies, she did right in not forcing her own family to suffer from her mistake in mixing the material. But I do think I may fairly remark, respecting the case of Sister Walsingham, that after careful thought I am unable to perceive how she considered that a present of a box of hair pins to my wife justified her in consuming half of a pumpkin pie, six buttered muffins, two platefuls of oysters, and a large variety of miscellaneous food, previous to jamming herself full of preserves, and proceeding to the parlor to join in singing 'There is Rest for the Weary!' Such a destruction of the necessaries of life doubtless contributes admirably to the stimulation of commerce, but it is far too large a commercial operation to rest solely upon the basis of a ten-cent box of hair pins.

"As for matters in the church, I do not care to discuss them at length. I might say much about the manner in which the congregation were asked to contribute clothing to our mission in Senegambia; we received nothing but four neckties and a brass breastpin, excepting a second-hand carriage whip that Deacon Jones gave us. I might allude to the frivolous manner in which Brother Atkinson, our tenor, converses with Sister Priestly, our soprano, during my sermons, and last Sunday kissed her when he thought I was not looking; I might allude to the absent-mindedness which has permitted Brother Brown twice lately to put half a dollar on the collection plate and take off two quarters and a ten-cent piece in change; and I might dwell upon the circumstance that while Brother Toombs, the undertaker, sings 'I would not Live Alway,' with professional enthusiasm that is pardonable, I do not see why he should throw such unction into the hymn, 'I am Unworthy though I Give my All,' when he

is in arrears for two years' pew rent, and is always busy examining the carpet pattern when the plate goes round. I also—"

But here Butler Toombs turned off the gas suddenly, and the meeting adjourned, full of indignation at the good pastor. His resignation was accepted unanimously.

IN THE CATACOMBS.

Never lived a Yankee yet
But was ready to bet
On the U. S. A.
If you speak of Italy's sunny clime,
"Maine kin beat it, every time!"
If you tell of Ætna's fount of fire,
You rouse his ire.
In an injured way
He 'll probably say,
"I do n't think much of a smokin' hill.
We 've got a moderate little rill
Kin make yer old volcaner still;
Pour ould Niagery down the crater.
'N' I guess 't will cool her fiery nater."

You have doubtless heard of those ancient lies,
Manufactured for a prize:
The reputation of each rose higher
As he proved himself the bigger liar.

Said an Englishman: "Only t' other day,
Sailing from Dover to Calais.
I saw a man without float or oar,
Swimming across from the English shore,
Manfully breasting the angry sea—"
"Friend," said the Yankee, "*that was me!*"

Mindful of all these thrice-told tales,
Whenever a Yankee to Europe sails,
The boys try every sort of plan
To rouse his astonishment, if they can.

Sam Brown was a fellow from "way down East,"
Who never was "staggered" in the least.
No tale of marvelous beast or bird
Could match the stories he had heard.
No curious place or wondrous view
"Was ekill to Podunk, I tell yu."

They showed him a room where a queen had slept;
"'T wa' n't up to the tavern daddy kept."
They showed him Lucerne. But he had drunk
From the beautiful Mollichunkamunk.
They took him at last to ancient Rome,
And inveigled him into a catacomb.

Here they plied him with draughts of wine,
(Though he vowed old cider was twice as fine,)
Till the fumes of Falernian filled his head,
And he slept as sound as the silent dead;
They removed a mummy to make him room,
And laid him at length in the rocky tomb

They piled old skeletons round the stone,
Set a "dip" in a candlestick of bone,
And left him to slumber there alone.
Then watched from a distance the taper's gleam,
Waiting to jeer at his frightened scream
When he should awake from his drunken dream.

After a time the Yankee woke,
But instantly saw through the flimsy joke;
So never a cry or shout he uttered,
But solemnly rose and slowly muttered:
"I see how it is. It's the judgment day,
We've all been dead and stowed away;
All these stone furreners sleepin' yet,
An' I'm the fust one up, you bet!
Can't none o' you Romans start? Say, come!—
United States is ahead, I vum!"

SOCRATES SNOOKS.

Mister Socrates Snooks, a lord of creation,
The second time entered the married relation:
Xantippe Caloric accepted his hand,
And they thought him the happiest man in the land.
But scarce had the honeymoon passed o'er his head.
When, one morning, to Xantippe, Socrates said,
"I think, for a man of my standing in life,
This house is too small, as I now have a wife:
So, as early as possible, carpenter Carey
Shall be sent for to widen my house and my dairy."

"Now, Socrates, dearest," Xantippe replied,
"I hate to hear everything vulgarly *my'd;*
Now, whenever you speak of your chattels again,
Say, *our* cow house, *our* barn yard, *our* pig pen."
"By your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please
Of *my* houses, *my* lands, *my* gardens, *my* trees."
"Say *our*," Xantippe exclaimed in a rage.
"I won't, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age!"

Oh, woman! though only a part of man's rib,
If the story in Genesis do n't tell a fib,
Should your naughty companion e'er quarrel with you,
You are certain to prove the best man of the two.
In the following case this was certainly true;
For the lovely Xantippe just pulled off her shoe,
And laying about her, all sides at random,
The adage was verified—"*Nil desperandum.*"

Mister Socrates Snooks, after trying in vain
To ward off the blows which descended like rain—
Concluding that valor's best part was discretion—
Crept under the bed like a terrified Hessian:
But the dauntless Xantippe, not one whit afraid,
Converted the siege into a blockade.

At last, after reasoning the thing in his pate,
He concluded 't was useless to strive against fate;
And so, like a tortoise protruding his head,
Said, "My dear, may we come out from under *our* bed?"

"Hah! hah!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Socrates Snooks,
I perceive you agree to my terms, by your looks:
Now, Socrates,—hear me,—from this happy hour,
If you 'll only obey me, I 'll never look sour."
'T is said the next Sabbath, ere going to church,
He chanced for a clean pair of trowsers to search:
Having found them, he asked, with a few nervous twitches,
"My dear, may we put on *our* new Sunday breeches?"

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

THE other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man 's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments' silence, "Ma, what 's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He 's bald."

"What 's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Sometime, maybe."

"Then I 'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed, "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I 'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There 's another fly. Look at 'em fight, look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what 's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush I 'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I 'll whip you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you 'll keep quiet, I 'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald headed, I 'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed, "Madam, hereafter, when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Chris-

tian act. If your boy had been in the crowd, he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cowcatcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and, as the woman leaned back, a tired sigh escaped from her lips.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

THEY 'VE got a bran' new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They 've done just as they said they 'd do,
And fetched it in to church.
They 're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right,
They 've hoisted up the new machine
In everybody's sight.
They 've got a chorister and choir,
Agin' my voice and vote;
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note!

I've been a sister, good and true,
For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
And prayed my duty clear;
I've sung my hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read;
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led!
And now, their bold, new fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out.

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read—"I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I always liked that blessed hymn,
I s'pose I always will;
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old "Ortonville."
But when that choir got up to sing,
I could n't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps were standing near,
An' when I seed them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear
And boldly waded in.
I thought I 'd chase their tune along,
And tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good and strong,
I could n't steer it right;
When they was high then I was low,
And also contra'wise;
And I too fast or they too slow,
To "Mansions in the Skies."

And after every verse, you know,
They played a little tune;
I did n't understand, and so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told,
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown — I could but look —
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin' book,
An' never meant to be;
But then she always tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time right through,
And kept it with her head;
But when she tried this morning, oh!
I had to laugh or cough,
It kept her head a bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off!

And Deacon Tubbs — he all broke down,
As one might well suppose —
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn book through and through,
And laid it on the seat;
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
And when they took another bout,
He did n't even rise;
But drawed his red bandanner out,
And wiped his weeping eyes.

I 've been a sister, good and true,
For five an' thirty year;
I 've done what seemed my part to do,
And prayed my duty clear;
But Death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
And some day I to church will go,
And never more come back,
And when the folks get up to sing —
Whene'er that time shall be —
I do not want a PATENT thing
A squealin' over me!

THE FLOOD AND THE ARK.

In the autumn of 1830, I attended a Methodist camp meeting in the interior of Georgia, and heard a sermon which I have never been able to forget or describe.

The speaker had just been licensed, and it was his first sermon. In person he was small, bullet headed, of a fair, sandy complexion; and his countenance was indicative of sincerity and honesty. He was taking up the Bible in regular order for the first time in his life, and had gotten as far as the history of Noah,

the ark, the flood, etc. Besides, just before his conversion, he had been reading Goldsmith's "Animated Nater," and the two together, by the aid and assistance of the Sperit, had led him into a powerful train of thinking as he stood at his work bench, day in and day out. The text was: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be;" and he broke out into the following strain:

"Yes, my bretherin, the heavens of the windows opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the elephant-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, which is as big as a house-ah, and his bones as big as a tree-ah, depending somewhat upon the size of the tree-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the g-r-e-a-t deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the hippopotamus-ah, that g-r-e-a-t animal-ah, of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, which has a g-r-e-a-t horn a-stickin' right straight up out of his forward-ah, six feet long, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of it-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the giraffe-ah, my bretherin, that ill-contrived reptile of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, whose fore legs is twenty-five feet long-ah, more or less-ah, depending somewhat on the length of 'em-ah, and a neck so long he can eat hay off the top of a barn-ah, depending somewhat on the hithe of the barn-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows were opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah: and there was Ham, and there was Shem, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the zebra, my bretherin-ah, that b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l animal of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what has three hundred stripes a-runnin' right straight around his body-ah, more or less, depending somewhat on the number of stripes-ah, and nary two stripes alike-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the anaconder-ah, that g-r-e-a-t sarpint of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what can swallow six oxen at a meal-ah, provided his appetite don't call for less-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the lion, bretherin-ah, what is the king of beasts, accordin' to Scripter-ah, and who, as St. Paul says-ah, prowls around of a night like a roarin' devil-ah, a-seekin' if he can't catch somebody-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"And there was the antelope-ah, my bretherin, that frisky little critter-ah of which Goldsmith describes in his 'Animated Nater'-ah, what can jump seventy-five foot straight up-ah, and twice that distance down-ah, provided his legs will take him that far-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah. And the heavens of the windows was opened-ah, and the floods of the great deep kivered the waters-ah; and there was Shem, and there was Ham, and there was Japhet-ah, a-l-l a-gwine into the ark-ah.

"But time would fail me, my bretherin, to describe all the animals that went into the ark-ah. Your patience and my strength would give out before I got half through-ah. We talk, my bretherin, about the faith of Abraham and the patience of Job-ah; but it strikes me they did n't go much ahead of old Noer-ah. It tuck a right smart chance o' both to gather up all that gopher wood and pitch and other truck for to build that craft-ah. I am a sort of carpenter myself, and have some idea of the job-ah. But to hammer and saw and maul and split away on any one thing a hundred and twenty year-ah, an' lookin' an' lookin' for his pay in another world-ah — I tell ye, my bretherin, if the Lord had a-sot Job at that, it 's my opinion he would a-took his wife's advice inside of fifty year-ah. Besides, no doubt his righteous soul was vexed every day, hand runnin'-ah, with

the filthy communications of the blasphemous set that was always a-loferin' and a-saunterin' round-ah, a-pickin' up his tools and a-misplacin' 'em, and a-callin' him an old fool or somethin' worse-ah. And, to cap the climax, he was a preacher, and had that ongodly gineration on his hands every Sunday-ah. But the Lord stood by him, and seed him through the job-ah; and, when everything was ready, he didn't send Noer out to scrimmage and scour and hunt all over the wide world for to git up the critters and varmints that he wanted saved-ah. They all came to his hand of their own accord-ah, and Noer only had to head 'em in and fix 'em around in their places-ah. Then he gathered up his own family, and the Lord shut him in, and the heavens of the windows was opened-ah.

"My bretherin, as it was in the days of Noer-ah, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be-ah. The world will never be drowned agin-ah. It will be sot a-fire, and burnt up, root and branch, with a fervient heat-ah. Oh! what will wretched, ondone sinners do on that orful day-ah? They will be put to their wits' end-ah, and knock and straddle around in every direction-ah; for all at onct, my bretherin-ah, they will behold the heavens a-darkenin'-ah, and the seas a-roarin'-ah, the tombs a-bustin'-ah, the mountains a-meltin'-ah; and everything, I think, will be in a confused and onsettled state-ah."

AGNES I LOVE THEE.

I STOOD upon the ocean's briny shore,
And with a fragile reed I traced upon the sand:
"Agnes, I love thee."
The mad waves rolled by and blotted out the fair impression.
Frail reed! Cruel wave! Treacherous sand!
I'll trust ye no more!
But with a giant hand,
I'll pluck from Norway's frozen shore her tallest pine
And dip its top into the crater of Mt. Vesuvius,
And on the high and burnished heavens I'll write:
"Agnes, I love thee."
And I would like to see any doggoned wave wash that out.

FIRST ADVENTURES IN ENGLAND.

YER spakin' of musther was a-moindin me of Mick Murphy and Dan Collins, two frinds of moine, who came over to England for the rapin' of the harvist, and was walkin' on the quays of this town. And moind ye now, nather Micky nor Danny had iver been out of the corragus of the town of Tipperary in all their born days. They were goin' along the strate, whin Danny sees "Ristorant" writ up over a shop: "See now," says he, "that's a place to ate;" and in they both goes, and thin, sir, they sees a waither with a towel over his arm, and says Danny, says he: "What kin we get to ate?" "Anything at all," says the waither; "Thin bring me a plate of mate," says Danny; so in comes the waither with a plate of mate and a large bowl of musther. "What's to pay for the mate?" says Danny. "A shillin', sir," says the waither. "And what's that?' says he, a-pointin' to the bowl. "That's musther," says the waither. "And what do yez do with it?" "Why, yez ates it with the mate, to be sure," says he. "And what's to pay for it?" "Nothin' at all," says the waither. Thin Danny looked at Micky, and Micky looked at Danny, and they both winked. Afther awhile the waither turned his back, and says Danny, says he, "Micky," says he, "we'll pocket the mate for the journey and ate the stuff they gives us for nothin'." And with that Micky rolls up the mate in his handkercher and puts it in the crown of his hat. All this toime Danny kept stirrin' up the musther, and afther awhile he opens his mouth and takes a great dollop of it; down

goes his head, and the tears come runnin' down out of his eyes. Micky looked up and says he, "Danny," says he, "what does be the matther with ye?" Danny would n't let on at all, at all, but says he, "Whiniver I think of the death of of my poor great-grandfather, that was kilt at the battle of Boyne, I can't kape from cryin' at all, at all." "Och, do n't take on with ye like that," says Micky; "see now, we are over in England, and we 'll make a power of money at the rapin' before harvist is over." All this toime Danny kept stirrin up the musther, and afther awhile he hands the spoon to Micky. Micky takes a spoonful, too; down goes his head, and the tears come runnin' down out of his eyes. Danny looks up, and says he, "Micky," says he, what does be the matther with ye?" "Faix," says Micky, "I war thinkin' what a great pity it war that ye war n't kilt along with yer great-grandfather at the battle of Boyne."

THE IRISHMAN'S PANORAMA.

Ladies and Gintlemin: In the foreground over there ye 'll obsarve Vinegar Hill, an' should yer be goin' by that way some day, yer moight be fatigued, an' if yer are yer 'll foind at the fut of the hill a nate little cot kept by a man named McCarty, who, by the way, is as foine a lad as you 'll mate in a day's march. I see by the hasp on the door that McCarty is out, or I 'd take yes in an' introduce yes. A foine, ginerous, noble feller is this McCarty. Shure an' if he had but the wan peratie he 'd give yes the half of that, and phat 's more, he 'd thank ye for takin' it. (James, move the crank! Larry, music on the bagpipes!)

Ladies and Gintlemin: We 've now arrived at a beautiful shpot, situated about twenty miles this side o' Limerick. To the left over there yer 'll see a hut, by the side of which is sated a lady and gintleman: well, as I was goin' that way one day, I heard the followin' conversation betwixt him an' her. Says she to him: "James, it 's a shame for yer to be tratin' me so; d' ye moind the time yer used to come to me father's castle a-beggin'?" "Yer father's castle — me? Well, thin! ye could shtand on the outside of yer father's castle, an' stick yer arm down the chimney an' pick praties out of the pot, an' niver a partition betwixt you and the pigs but sthraw." (Move the crank, etc.)

Ladies and Gintlemin: We have now arrived at the beautiful an' classical lakes of Killarney. There 's a curious legend connected wid these lakes that I must relate to you. It is, that every evenin' at four o'clock in the afternoon, a beautiful swan is seen to make its appearance, an' while movin' transcendentally an' glidelessly along, ducks its head, skips under the water, an' you 'll not see him till the next afternoon. (Turn the crank, etc.)

Ladies and Gintlemin: We have how arrived at another beautiful spot, situated about thirteen and a half miles this side of Cork. This is a grate place, noted for sportsmin. Wanst, while shtoppin' over there at the Hotel de Finney, the following tilt of a conversation occurred betwixt Mr. Muldooney, the waiter, and mesilf. I says to him, says I, "Mully, old boy, will you have the kindness to fetch me the mustard?" and he was a long time bringin' it, so I opportuned him for kapin' me. An' says he to me, says he, "Mr. McCune" (that 's me), "I notice that you take a grate deal of mustard wid your mate." "I do," says I. Says he, "I notice you take a blame sight of mate wid your mustard." (Move the crank! Larry, "Finnigan's Wake.")

Ladies and Gintlemin: We now skip acrost the broad Atlantic to a wonderful shpot in America, situated a few miles from Chinchinnatti, called the Falls of Niagara. While lingerin' here wan day, I saw a young couple, evidently very swate on aich other. Av coorse I tuk no notice of phat they were sayin', but I could n't help listenin' to the followin' extraordinary conversation. Says he to her: "Is n't it wonderful to see that tremindous amount of water comin' down over that terrible precipice." "Yis, darlint," says she, "but would n't it be far more wonderful to see the same tremindous body of water a-goin' up that same precipice?" (Music on the pipes.)

REFLECTIONS ON THE NEEDLE.

So THAT 's Cleopathra's Needle, bedad,
An' a square lookin' needle it is, I 'll be bound;
What a powerful muscle the queen must have had
That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it around!

Imagine her sittin' there stitchin' like mad
Wid a needle like that in her hand! I declare
It 's as big as the Round Tower of Slane, an', bedad,
It would pass for a round tower, only it 's square!

The taste of her, ordhering a needle of granite!
Begorra, the sight of it sthrikes me quite dumb!
An' look at the quare sort of figures upon it;
I wondher can these be the tracks of her thumb?

I once was astonished to hear of the faste
Cleopathera made upon pearls; but now
I declare, I would not be surprised in the laste
If ye told me the woman had swallowed a cow!

It 's aisy to see why bold Cæsar should quail
In her presence, an' meekly submit to her rule;
Wid a weapon like that in her fist, I 'll go bail,
She could frighten the sowl out of big Finn MacCool!

But, Lord, what poor pigmies the women are now,
Compared with the monsthers they must have been then!
Whin the darlin's in those days would kick up a row,
Holy smoke, but it must have been hot for the men!

Just think how a chap that goes courtin' would start
If his girl was to prod him with that in the shins!
I have often seen needles, but boldly assart
That the needle in front of me there takes the pins!

O, sweet Cleopathra! I am sorry you 're dead;
An' whin lavin' this wontherful needle behind
Had ye thought of bequathin' a spool of your thread
An' yer thimble an' scissors, it would have been kind.

But pace to your ashes, ye plague of great men,
Yer strength is departed, yer glory is past;
Ye 'll never wield scepter or needle again,
An' a poor little asp did yer bizzness at last!

UNCLE DAN'L'S APPARITION AND PRAYER.

WHATEVER the lagging, dragging journey from Tennessee to Missouri may have been to the rest of the emigrants, it was a wonder and delight to the children, a world of enchantment; and they believed it to be peopled with the mysterious dwarfs and giants and goblins that figured in the tales the negro slaves were in the habit of telling them nightly by the shuddering light of the kitchen fire.

At the end of nearly a week of travel, the party went into camp near a shabby village which was caving, house by house, into the hungry Mississippi. The river astonished the children beyond measure. Its mile-breadth of water seemed an ocean to them, in the shadowy twilight, and the vague riband of trees on the farther shore, the verge of a continent which surely none but they had ever seen before.

"Uncle Dan'l" (colored), aged forty; his wife, "Aunt Jinny," aged thirty; "Young Miss" Emily Hawkins, "Young Mars" Washington Hawkins, and "Young Mars" Clay, the new member of the family, ranged themselves on a log, after supper, and contemplated the marvelous river and discussed it. The moon rose and sailed aloft through a maze of shredded cloud wreaths; the somber river just perceptibly brightened under the veiled light; a deep silence pervaded the air, and was emphasized, at intervals, rather than broken, by the hooting of an owl, the baying of a dog, or the muffled crash of a caving bank in the distance.

The little company assembled on the log were all children (at least in simplicity and broad and comprehensive ignorance), and the remarks they made about the river were in keeping with their character; and so awed were they by the grandeur and the solemnity of the scene before them, and by their belief that the air was filled with invisible spirits, and that the faint zephyrs were caused by their passing wings, that all their talk took to itself a tinge of the supernatural, and their voices were subdued to a low and reverent tone. Suddenly Uncle Dan'l exclaimed:

"Chil'en, dah's sumfin a comin'!"

All crowded close together, and every heart beat faster. Uncle Dan'l pointed down the river with his bony finger.

A deep, coughing sound troubled the stillness, away toward a wooded cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape and sent a long, brilliant pathway quivering athwart the dusky water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape developed itself out of the gloom, and from its tall, duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and went tumbling away into the farther darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came, till its long sides began to glow with spots of light which mirrored themselves in the river and attended the monster like a torchlight procession.

"What is it? Oh! what is it, Uncle Dan'l?"

With deep solemnity the answer came:

"It's de Almighty! Git down on yo' knees!"

It was not necessary to say it twice. They were all kneeling in a moment. And then, while the mysterious coughing rose stronger and stronger, and the threatening glare reached farther and wider, the negro's voice lifted up its supplications:

"O Lord, we's ben mighty wicked, an' we knows dat we 'zerve to go to de bad place; but good Lord, deah Lord, we ain't ready yit, we ain't ready — let dese po' chil'en hab one mo' chance, jes' one mo' chance. Take de ole niggah, if you's got to hab somebody. Good Lord, good deah Lord, we don't know whah you's a gwine to, we don't know who you's got yo' eye on, but we knows by de way you's a comin', we knows by de way you's a tiltin' along in yo' charyot o' fiah, dat some po' sinner's a gwine to ketch it. But good Lord, dese chil'en don't b'long heah, dey's f'm Obedstown, whah dey don't know nuffin', an' you knows yo' own sef, dat dey ain't 'sponsible. An' deah Lord, good Lord, it ain't like yo' mercy, it ain't like yo' pity, it ain't like yo' long-sufferin', lovin' kindness, for to take dis kind o' 'vantage o' sich little chil'en as dese is when dey's so many grown folks chuck full o' cussedness dat wants roastin' down dah. O Lord, spah de little chil'en; don't tar de little chil'en away f'm dey frens; jes' let 'em off jes' dis once, an' take it out'n de ole niggah. HEAH I IS, LORD, HEAH I IS! De ole niggah's ready, Lord, de ole —"

The flaming and churning steamer was right abreast the party, and not twenty steps away. The awful thunder of a mud-valve suddenly burst forth, drowning the prayer, and as suddenly Uncle Dan'l snatched a child under each arm and scoured into the woods, with the rest of the pack at his heels. And then, ashamed of himself, he halted in the deep darkness and shouted (but rather feebly):

"Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!"

There was a moment of throbbing suspense, and then, to the surprise and

comfort of the party, it was plain that the august presence had gone by, for its dreadful noises were receding. Uncle Dan'l headed a cautious reconnoissance in the direction of the log. Sure enough, "The Lord" was just turning a point a short distance up the river, and while they looked, the lights winked out and the coughing diminished by degrees, and presently ceased altogether.

"H'wsh! Well, now, dey's some folks says dey ain't no 'ficiency in prah. Dis chile would like to know whah we'd a ben now if it war n't fo' dat prah? Dat's it. Dat's it!"

"Uncle Dan'l, do you reckon it was the prayer that saved us?" said Clay.

"Does I reckon? Don't I know it! Whah was yo' eyes? Warn't the Lord jes' a comin' *chow! chow!* CHOW! an' a goin' on turrible—an' do do Lord carry on dat way 'dout dey's sumfin do n't suit him? An' warn't he a lookin' right at dis gang heah, an' warn't he jes' a reachin' for 'em? An' d' you spec' he gwine to let 'em off 'dout somebody ast him to do it? No indeedy!"

"Do you reckon he saw us, Uncle Dan'l?"

"De law sakes, chile, did n't I see him a lookin' at us?"

"Did you feel scared, Uncle Dan'l?"

"No sah! When a man is 'gaged in prah, he ain't 'fraid o' nuffin—dey can't nuffin tech him."

"Well, what did you run for?"

"Well, I—I—Mars Clay, when a man is under de influence ob de sperit, he dunno what he's 'bout—no sah; dat man dunno what he's 'bout. You mout take an' tah de head off'n dat man an' he would n't scasely fine it out. Dah's de Hebrew chil'en dat went frough de fiah; dey was burnt considable—ob coase dey was; but dey did n't know nuffin 'bout it—heal right up agin; if dey 'd bin gals dey 'd missed dey long haah, maybe, but dey would n't felt de burn."

"I do n't know but what they *were* girls. I think they were."

"Now, Mars Clay, you knows better 'n dat. Sometimes a body can't tell whedder you's a sayin' what you means or whedder you's a sayin what you do n't mean, 'case you says 'em bofe de same way."

"But how should *I* know whether they were boys or girls?"

"Goodness sakes, Mars Clay, do n't de good book say? 'Sides, do n't it call 'em *He*-brew chil'en? If dey was gals would n't dey be she-brew chil'en? Some people dat kin read do n't 'pear to take no notice when dey do read."

"Well, Uncle Dan'l, I think that—My! here comes another one up the river! There can't be two!"

"We gone dis time—we done gone dis time, sho'! Dey ain't two, Mars Clay—dat's de same one. De Lord kin 'pear eberywhah in a second. Goodness, how de fiah an' de smoke do belch up! Dat mean business, honey. He comin' now like he fo'got sumfin. Come 'long, chil'en, time you's gwine to roos'. Go 'long wid you—ole Uncle Dan'l gwine out in de woods to rastle in prah—de ole niggah gwine to do what he kin to sabe you agin."

He did go to the woods and pray; but he went so far that he doubted, himself, if the Lord heard him when he went by.

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

"MOVE my arm chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey—
Massa won't be with you long;
And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur,
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I've loved so long and well,
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and stripes on sloop and shallop,
Sailing up the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old massa's waiting
For death's last dispatch to come,
If that exiled, starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer—
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shouts and points to Union colors,
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey;
But old darky's happy here,
Where he 's tended corn and cotton
For 'ese many a long gone year.
Over yonder missis's sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me;
Mebbe she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee.

"Pears like she was watching massa;
If Pompey should beside him stay.
Mebbe she'd remember better
How for him she used to pray;
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of heaven
While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor, old, dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long-accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them,
As they gazed on rock and tree
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee;—

Master, dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion's side,
When he bid the haughty Tarleton
Stoop his lordly crest of pride;
Man, remembering how yon sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran's silvery hair:
Still the bondman, close beside him,
Stands behind the old arm chair,
With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
Shading eyes, he bends to see
Where the woodland, boldly jutting,
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever,
To the river's yielding breast.
Ha! above the foliage yonder
Something flutters wild and free!
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you;
Give a freeman's shout with me—
'God and Union!' be our watchword
Ever more in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus, and the soldier
Glided to that better land.
When the flag went down the river,
Man and master both were free,
While the ringdove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.

HOFFENSTEIN'S BUGLE.

"Mr. Hoffenstein," said Herman, as he folded up a pair of pants, and placed them on a pile, "if you don't haf any objections I vould like to get from de store avay von efening, und go mit de soldiers to de Spanish Fort."

"Vell, Herman, I dinks you had better keep away from de soldiers," replied Hoffenstein, "und stay mit de store, because, you know, you don't can put any confidence mit de soldiers. I vill dell you vy. Von day vile I vas in Vicksburg, during de var, a cockeyed soldier came in my store mit an old bugle in his hand, und he looks around. I asks him vot he vants, und he buys a couple of undershirts, den he dells me to keep his bundle un de bugle behind de counter until he comes back. After de cockeyed soldier vent de store ow et, some more soldiers come in und vak all around, vile dey looks at de goods. 'Shentlemen,' I says, 'do you want anyding?' 'Ve are shust looking to see vot you haf,' said one uf dem, und after a vile anodder says: 'Bill, shust look dere at de bugle, de very ding de captain told us to get. You know ve don't haf any bugle in our company for dree months. How much you ask for dat bugle?' I dells dem dat I can't sell de bugle because it pelongs to a man vot shust vent ow et. 'I vill gif you fifty dollars for it,' says de soldier, pulling his money ow et. I dells him I don't can sell it because it vas n't mine. 'I vill give you a hundred dollars,' he said. My gr-r-acious, Herman, I vants to sell de bugle so bad dat I vistles. De soldier dells me vile dey vos leaving de store dat if I buys de bugle of de man vot owns it, dey vill gif me one hundred und dwendy-five dollars for it. I dell dem I vill do it. I sees a chance, you know, Herman, to make some money by de oberation. Ven de cockeyed soldier comes back he says, 'Git me my bundle und bugle, I got to go to de camp.' I says, 'My frent, don't you vant to sell your bugle?' He dells me no, und I says, 'My little boy, Leopold, vot plays in de store, sees de bugle und he goes all around crying shust as loud as he can, because he don't get it. Six times I takes him in de back yard und vips him, und he comes right back und cries for de bugle. It shows, you know, how much drouble a man vill haf mit a family. I vill gif you den dollars for it shust to please little Leopold.' De soldier von't take it, und at last I offers him

fifty dollars, und he says, 'Vell, I vill dake fifty dollars, because I can't vaste any more time, I haf to go to de camp.' After he had gone avay I goes to de door und vatches for de soldiers vat vanted de bugle. I sees dem passing along de street, und I says, 'My frents, I haf got de bugle,' und dey say, 'Vell, then, vy don't you blow it?' My gr-r-acious, Herman, vat you dink? All dem soldiers belong to de same crowd, und dey make de trick to svindle me. Levi Cohen, across de street, he finds it out, und efery day he gets boys to blow horns in front of my store, so as to make me dink I vas svindled. Herman, I dink you had better stay mit de store."

DOT MAID MIT HAZEL HAIR.

DALK not to me 'bout maidens rare
Mit skin of bearly hue;
Dhere vas ndt any can combare
Mit one I hafe in view.

She 's gentle like der soft gazelle,
Her face vas awful fair;
She has two auburn eyes of blue,
Und hazel vas her hair.

Her voice vas ridch like any ding,
Her mout vas like der rose;
Her cheeks, dey ploomp, shust like der beach,
Und dimpled vas her nose.

Her hands und feet vas shmall und neat,
Und vhen dot maiden sings,
Dhose little birds, dey glose dheir eyes
Und flop dheir little vings.

I 'm goin' to dook dot leetle maid
Some day to peen my vife,
Und make her happy as I can
Der balance of her life.

Und vhen ve 'em settled down for goot
I 'll show you somedings rare,
Two shmiling auburn eyes of plue
Und shplendid hazel hair.

VOMAN'S RIGHDTS.

I DON'T vas preaching voman's righdts,
Or any ding like dot;
Und I like to see all peoples
Shust condented mit dheir lot:
Budt I vants to contradict dot chap
Dot made dis leedle shoke,
A voman vas der glinging vine
Und man der shturdy oak.

Berhaps somedimes dot may be drue,
Budt den dimes oudt of nine,
I find me oudt dot man himself
Vas peen der glinging vine;
Und vhen hees friends dey all vas gone
Und he vas shust tead broke,
Dots vhen der voman shteps rihdt in
Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go owit to der pase ball grounds
Und see dhose shturdy oaks,
All plandet round ubon der seats;
Shust hear dheir laughs and shokes:
Dhen see dhose vomans at der tubs,
Mit clothes oudt on der lines,
Vhich vas der shturdy oak, mine friendts,
Und vhich der glinging vines?

Ven sickness in der household comes,
Und veeks und veeks he stays,
Who vas it fighdts him mit out resdt
Dose veary nighdts und days?
Who peace und comfort alvays prings,
Und cools dot fefered prow?
More like it vas der tender vine
Dot oak he glings to now.
Man vants but leetle here pelow
Der boet von time said.
Dhere 's leetle dot man he do n't vant
I dink it means inshtead;
Und ven der years keep rolling on,
Der cares and droubles pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak
Und also do der glinging.

Maybe vhen oaks dey gling some more,
Und do n't so shturdy peen,
Der glinging vines dhey have some chance
To help run life's machine;
In helt and sickness, shoy und pain,
In calm or shtormy vedder,
'T vas bedder dot dhose oaks und vines
Should alvays gling togedder.

SAM'S LETTER.

I WONDER who w-wote me this letter. I thuppose the b-best way to f-find out ith to open it and thee. (*Opens letter.*) Thome lun-lunatic hath w-written me this letter. He hath w-written it upthide down. I wonder if he th-thought I wath going to w-wead it thanding on my head. Oh, yeth, I thee; I had it t-t-turned upthide down. "Amewica." Who do I know in Amewica? I am glad he hath g-given me hith addwess anyhow. Oh, yeth, I thee, it ith from Tham. I alwaths know Tham's handwriting when I thee hith name at the b-bottom of it. "My dear bwother—" Tham alwayths called me bwother. I-I thuppose iths because hith m-mother and my mother wath the thame woman, and we never had any thisters. When we were boyths we were ladths together. They used to ge-get off a pwoverb when they thaw uth com-coming down the stweet. It ith vwery good, if I could only think of it. I can never wecollect anything that I can 't we-wemember. Iths — it iths the early bir-bird — iths the early bir-bird that knowths iths own father. What non-nonthenths that iths! How co-could a bir-bird know iths own father? Iths a withe — iths a withe child — iths a withe child that geths the wom. T-that 's not wite. What nonthenths that iths! No pa-pawent would allow hiths child to ga-gather woms. Iths a wyme. Iths fish of-of a feather. Fish of a fea — What nonnonthense! for fish do n't have feathers. Iths a bir-bird — iths b-birds of a feather — b-birds of a — of a feather flock together. B-birds of a feather! Just as if a who-who-whole flock of b-birds had only one f-feather. They 'd all catch cold, and only one b-bird c-could have that f-feather, and he 'd fly side-

withse. What con-confounded nonthense that iths! Flock to-together! Of courthse th-they'd flock together. Who ever her-heard of a bird being such a f-fool as to g-go into a c-corner and flo-flock by himself? "I wo-wote you a letter thome time ago—" Thath's a lie: he d-did n't wi-wite me a letter. If he had witten me a letter he would have posted it, and I would have g-got it; so, of course, he did n't post it, and then he did n't wite it. Thath's easy. Oh, yeths, I thee: "but I dwopped it into the potht-potht-office forgetting to diwect it." I wonder who the d-dic-dickens got that letter. I wonder if the poth-pothman iths gwoin' awound inquiring for a f-fellow without a name. I wonder if there iths a f-fellow without any name. If there iths any fellow without any name, how doeths he know who he iths himthelf? I-I wonder if thuch a fellow could get mawaid. How could he ask hiths wife to take hiths name if he h-had no name? Thath's one of thothse things no fellow can f-find out. "I have just made a startling dithcovery." Tham's alwayths d-doing thome-thing. "I have dithcovered that my mother iths—that m-my mother ith not my m-mother: that a—the old nurse iths my m-mother, and that you are not my b-bwother, and a—tha-that I was changed at my birth." How c-can a fellow be changed at hith b-birth? If he iths not himthelf, who ith he? If Tham's m-mother iths not hith m-mother, and the nurthse iths hith mother, and Tham ith n't my bwother, who am I? That's one of thothse things that no fel-fellow can find out. "I have p-purchased an ethstate som-somewhere—" Dothn't the id-idiot know wh-where h-he has bought it? Oh, yeths: "on the bankths of the M-M-Mithithippi." Wh-who iths M-Mithithippi? I g-gueths ith's Tham's m-mother-in-law. Tham's got mawied. He th-thayths he felt v-vewy ner-nervous. He alwayths waths a lucky fellow getting th-things he did n't want, and had n't any use for.

Thpeaking of mother-in-lawths, I had a fwiend who had a mother-in-law, and he did n't like her pwetty well; and she f-felt the thame way towards him: and they went away on a st-steamer acwoths the ocean, and they got wecked, catht away on a waft, and they floated awound with their feet in the water and other amuthements, living on thuch things ath they could pick up—thardinths, ith-cweam, owanges, and other c-canned goodths that were floating awound. When that waths all gone, everybody ate everybody else. F-finally only himthelf and hiths m-mother-in-law waths left, and they pl-played a game of c-cards to thee who thould be eaten up—himthelf or hiths mother-in-law. A-a—the mother-in-law lotht. H-he treated her handthomely, only he strapped h-her flat on her back, and c-carved her gently. H-h-he thays that waths the f-first time that he ever weally enjoyed a m-mother-in-law.

A MEDLEY.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."
Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate, dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor;
Eagerly I wished the morrow, vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
Nameless here forevermore.
And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me for—Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well!
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred!
Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered—
If the little, chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger 'n my thumb, knows more 'n men,
Jest show me that! ur prove 't the bat
Hez got more brains than 's in my hat
An' I 'll back—Ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead,
Nor touch the living boy; I stand
Between him and your lawless band.
Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wilds to perish!
Take—the rope and throw across the top,
And I will go and tie that end around my waist,
Well, every woman to her taste, you always would
be tightly laced.
Below the armpits tied around, she takes her station on the ground,
While on the roof, beyond the ridge, he shovels clear the lower edge.
But sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down to plunge below,
And as he tumbles with the slide
Up goes Rachel on 't other side—of

the haymow, about five or six feet up; now, I nefer vas very big up and down, but I vas pretty big all de vay round, and I cood n't reach up to vere dat hen make her nesht in de side of de haymow, dill I get a parrel to standt on. Vell, ven I climet on de parrel und my head rise up by de nesht dot old hen giv sich a bick dot my nose run all over my face mit plood, und ven I dodge back, dat parrel he preak, und in I vent, und I fit so dite I cood n't get oud efervay; my vest vas bushed vay up under mine armholes; ven I found I vas dite stuck I call "Katrina! Katrina!" und ven she coom und see me stuck in dat parrel, mit my face all—

In the wild March morning
I heard the angels call,
It was when the moon was shining,
And the dark was over all.
The bees began to whisper,
And the winds began to roll,
And in the wild March morning
I heard them call—Darius! Darius!

how do you like flying? ha! ha! Well, I like flyin' well enough, but there is n't so very much fun when you come—into my kitchen smiling, and says, kind o' scared like, here 's Fing Wing, Kitty, and you 'll have too much sinse to mind his being a little strange. Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me foine b'y wid his paper collar, looks up, and howly fathers! may I never breathe anither breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chinezer, a-grinnin' like he 'd just come off a tay box, and a black pigtail hangin' down from behind, which was pieced out wid some black stuff, the haythen chate, wid his feet stuck into the haythenist shoes you ever set your eyes on, his eyes cocked upward like two poomp handles.

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